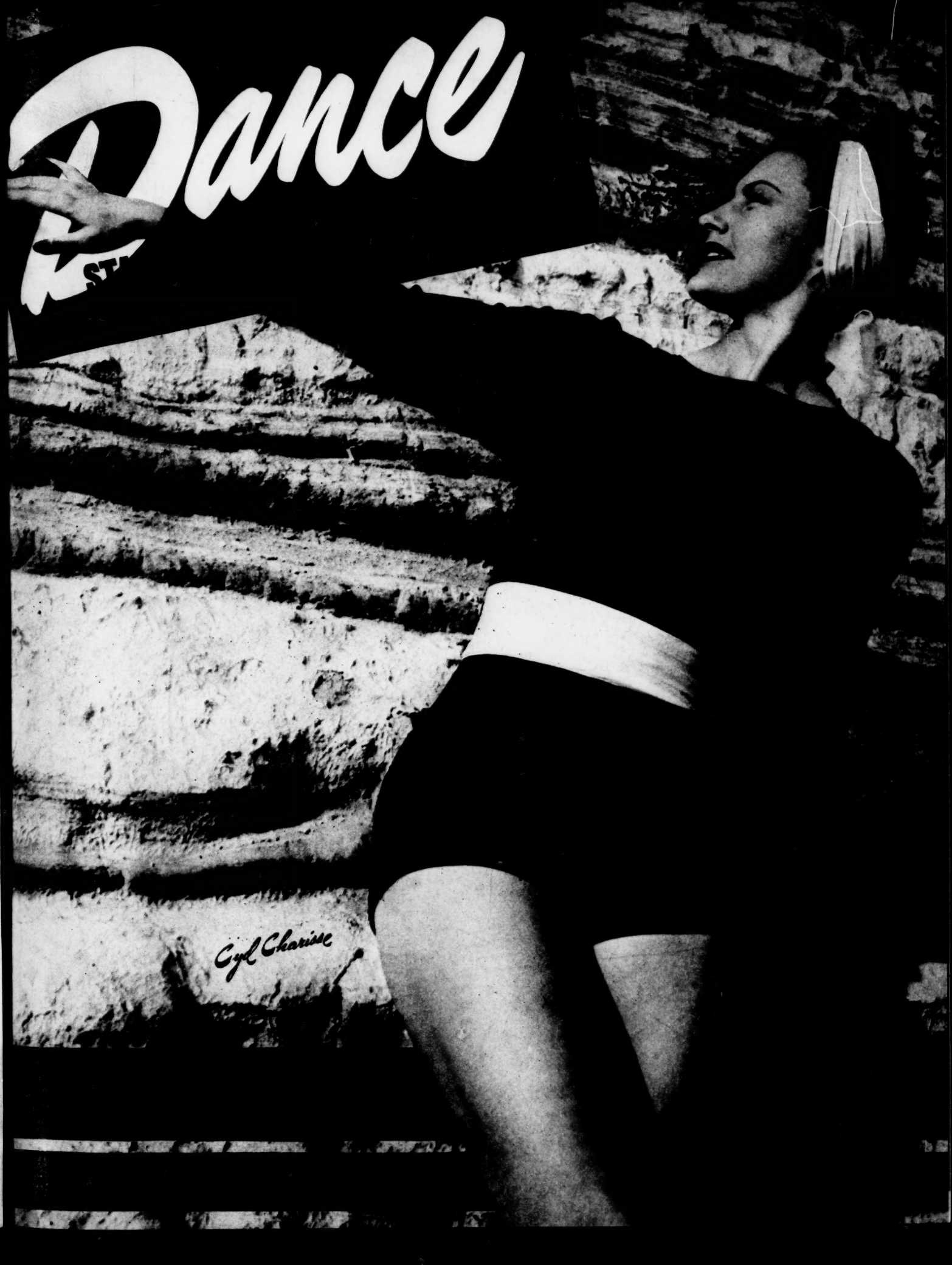
Dance
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Dance CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

Ballet

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO. Sept. 4-15 at City Center.

BALLET THEATRE Oct. 1-Nov. 2 at the Broadway Theatre.

ORIGINAL BALLET RUSSE (incorporating Markova-Dolin Ballet). Sept. 15-Oct. 15 at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Musicals

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN, Imperial Theatre. "Cowgirl" musical with Lubov Roudenko and Daniel Nagrin. Choreography by Helen Tamiris. Music by Irving Berlin.

CALL ME MISTER, National Theatre. Revue about ex GIs with dances by John Wray for Maria Karnilova, David Nilo and cast. Music by Harold Rome delivered by Betty Garret and Lawrence Winters.

CAROUSEL, Majestic Theatre. The New England version of Liliom with Betta Striegler in Agnes de Mille's dances.

OKLAHOMA! St. James Theatre. Now three years old. Agnes de Mille's dances.

SHOW BOAT, Ziegfeld Theatre. Pearl Primus and Claude Marchant dance to Jerome Kern's music and Helen Tamiris' choreography.

SONG OF NORWAY, Broadway Theatre. Operetta based on Grieg's life and music. Dorothie Littlefield dances.

THE RED MILL, 46th St. Theatre. Victor Herbert's famous musical. Eddie Foy, Jr. stars.

THREE TO MAKE READY, Broadhurst Theatre. A revue starring Ray Bolger with Harold Lang and Jane Deering.

Ice Shows

ICELAND RESTAURANT. "Derby on Ice" starring Carol Lynne.

ICE TERRACE, Hotel New Yorker. "Off to the Races" with Mary Jane, Jerry Mapes and Ted Rohman.

ICETIME, Center Theatre. Sonja Henie—Arthur Wirtz show with choreography by Catherine Littlefield

Night Clubs

CASCADES, Hotel Biltmore. Joseph Dunninge headlines the show.

CARNIVAL. Miriam Lavelle, acrobatic dancer.

EL CHICO. Rozzino and Pilar Gomez.

GLASS HAT, Belmont Plaza Hotel. Kathryn Duffy dancers in "The Magazine Girl," dancing revue.

HAVANA-MADRID. Marina, Afro-Cuban dancer; Pastora Ruiz, flamenco dancer; Marta and Olga, rumba dancers; Latin chorus in tropical dances.

LA CONGA. Pupi Campo and his rumbas.

LATIN QUARTER. Ted Lewis and revue.

RIVIERA. Chandra Kaly Dancers; Willie Howard; Noro Morales, rumba band; Betty Riley, singer.

VERSAILLES. Carl Ravezza thru Sept. 12. Carl Brisson thereafter. GI Showcase.

ZANZIBAR. Cab Calloway, Congaroo Dance Group, Miller Brothers and Lois, Pearl Bailey.

Movie Houses

ASTOR. "The Kid From Brooklyn" with Danny Kaye and Vera-Ellen.

CAPITOL. "Holiday in Mexico" with music by Jose Iturbi and Xavier Cugat.

HOLLYWOOD. "Night and Day" with Milada Mladova, George Zoritch, Adam and Jane Di Gatano.

STRAND. On Stage: Steve Condof.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL. Corps de ballet and Rockettes in dances staged by Florence Rogge with sets by Russell Markert to Ravel's La Valse.

PARAMOUNT: On Stage: Gil Lamb and the Acromaniacs.

REPUBLIC. "Spectre of the Rose" with Ivan Kirov and Viola Essen dancing the choreography of Tamara Geva.

ROXY. "Centennial Summer" with Avon Long dancing. On stage: Debonaires and Gae Foster dancers; John Guelis, ballet dancer.

Folk Dancing

AMERICAN SQUARE DANCE GROUP, 1657 B'way. 2nd and 4th Saturdays 8:30-11 p.m.

ARLINGTON HALL, 19 St. Johns Place. Wednesdays 8-11 p.m.

CENTRAL PARK MALL, Saturdays 2:00-4:30.

CITY FOLK DANCE SOCIETY, 9 E. 59 st. Saturdays 9-11 p.m.

COMMUNITY FOLK DANCE CENTER, Arlington Hall, 9 St. Marks Place. Tuesdays and Fridays 8:30-11:30 p.m.

COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY, Dalcroze School of Music, 130 W. 56 St. Thursdays 7:30-10:30 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL CENTER, YMCA, 341 E. 17 St. Mondays 7-9 p.m.

RIVERSIDE DRIVE AND 103 STREET, Mondays 8:00-10:00.

SQUARE DANCING, YWCA, Lexington Ave. & 53 St. Thursdays 8:30-11:30 p.m.

"SQUARES & ROUNDS", 5 W. 63 St. Wednesdays 8:30-11 p.m.

WEST SIDE BRANCH, YWCA, 501 W. 50 St. Tuesdays 8-11 p.m.

YMHA, 92 St. and Lexington Avenue. Sundays 8:30-10:30 p.m.

Harvest Moon Ball

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Finals on Sept. 4. Competition in rumba, tango, fox-trot, waltz jitterbug-jive and all-around dancing. Winners in each division will have two weeks' engagement at Loew's State.

On Tour

BALLET FOR AMERICA. Sept. 14, Bridgeport, Conn., Klein's Memorial Auditorium; 16-21 Montreal, Quebec, His Majesty's Theatre; 26, Schenectady, N. Y., Empire Theatre; 27-28, Baltimore, Md., Lyric Theatre.

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO. Sept. 17-24, Chicago Opera House.

ICE-CAPADES. Until Sept. 2, Atlantic City, Convention Hall; Sept. 5-26, premiere of Ice-Capades of 1947, Pittsburgh, Gardens.

LUTE SONG. Opens Sept. 16, Chicago, Studebaker Theatre.

SKATING VANITIES. Aug. 18-30, Ottawa, Canada, The Auditorium; 31-Sept. 8th, Montreal, Quebec, Civic Forum; 10-14, Toronto, Maple Leaf Gardens; 16-25, Grand Rapids, Mich., Civic Auditorium.

FOLLOW

DANCE

MAGAZINE'S

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Dance

PARIS . . .

Ballet des Champs Elysées is tentatively set for an American tour this fall. The most spectacular success of its current season has been Jean Cocteau's "La Mort de l'Homme" with Jean Babilée as a rejected suitor who hangs himself on stage...The French musical comedy, "Belle de Cadix," now at the Casino de Montparnasse, will be produced on Broadway this fall by Lee Shubert and Clifford Fischer...Kathleen Hinni and her American Dance Group have been booked for a concert here this fall.

LONDON . . .

Queues began to form about 4 a.m. on the first day of booking for Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden. On July 2 a party was given for the company in the theatre and on July 4 the season opened with "Les Sylphides," "Black Swan," "Gala Performance" and "Fancy Free" (Leonard Bernstein flew to London to conduct his score for the latter) ...Margot Fonteyn danced a solo in the first television program since the war and Ballet Rambert gave the first full-length ballet performance when "Gala Performance" was televised . . . Sadler's Wells Ballet, after a holiday and short provincial tour, is due in Vienna. During the last week of the Covent Garden season eighteen-year-old Beryl Grey danced Aurora in "The Sleeping Beauty" for the first time...Royal Academy of Dancing's Club presented Anthony Burke with its annual award for amateur choreography for his ballet, "Masquerade"... Serge Lifar's appearance with the New Monte Carlo Ballet was marked by an uproar in the audience when boos and cries of "collaborator" were about evenly mixed with cheers of "bravo Lifar." Lifar has been officially cleared of collaborationist charges.

CANADA . . .

The corps de ballet of the Metropolitan Opera toured Canada in August under choreographer Boris Romanoff, with Leon Varkas and Irene Hawthorne as soloists...Toronto's Philharmonic Orchestra is including one dance night each month during the summer season. Thalia Mara, Arthur Mahoney and Tashamira appeared in July, the Jan Veen Dancers in August. Booked for September is Mouradoff's Foxhole Ballet...Beth Weyms is Canadian godmother to Riabouchinska's daughter . . . Montreal dance teachers are protesting vigorously against the long-standing tax on dance studios (approximately $200 annually). Teaching establishments there come under the same classification as dance halls.

NEW YORK . . .

With its 1,405th performance on July 1, "Oklahoma" established a new record for musical comedies. Former long-run champion was "Hellzapoppin"...Short-run record might well be "Tidbits of 1946," which opened on July 7 and closed three days later... John Taras, June Morris, Marjorie Tallchief, Margaret Banks and others under contract to S. Hurok have joined Colonel de Basil's Original Ballet Russe in South America to learn that company's repertoire before its opening at the Met on September 15... Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin appeared on July 29 and 30 at the Lewisohn Stadium...Ballet for America began rehearsals on July 15 for a nationwide tour. In the repertoire will be works by Leonide Massine, Ruth Page, Edward Caton, Boris Romanoff, Shabelevski and Lazowski...Madame La Meri has announced that the Hindu dancer, Nataraj Vashi, and his wife, Pravani, will come to New York in the fall bringing with them several original Hindu ballets...The book for "Girl From Minsky's" scheduled for fall production, is being written by Gypsy Rose Lee...Flower Hujer has choreographed the dances for a musical variety show by Maurice Stoller based on "Peer Gynt".

HOLLYWOOD . . .

Leonide Massine sailed for London on July 20 to direct and appear in Val Gielgud's "Bullet in the Ballet," dancing "whodunit" which will star Irina Baronova. Stravinsky will compose the score . . . The Technicolor version of "Bloomer Girl" was scheduled to go before the cameras on August 15...Gene Nelson, dancing star of "This Is The Army," has been set to partner June Haver in "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now"..."Carmen," with Stokowski conducting, opened the Hollywood Bowl series with Antonio Triana and Lola Montes dancing . . . Frank Veloz has created a new waltz called "Yolanda" in honor of his infant daughter ...Val Valentinoff has been imported from New York for a dancing and acting spot in "The Fortune Teller"...It is reported that Charles Magnan has been signed by Republic Pictures to write the music for "Opera," a film on the Paris Opera Company.

SOUTH AFRICA . . .

Fifteen-year-old Pat Mills left Johannesburg in August to join Sadler's Wells Ballet in London...Mrs. Freda Grant is in South Africa conducting R.A.D. examinations...Frank Staff and his wife, Elizabeth Schooling, flew in from England to dance the principal roles in a new ballet production. The corps de ballet will be chosen from local dancers ...Reina Berman, Moira Maudsley, Josè Orlandini and Mary Tompkins appeared recently in a Johannesburg Revue.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

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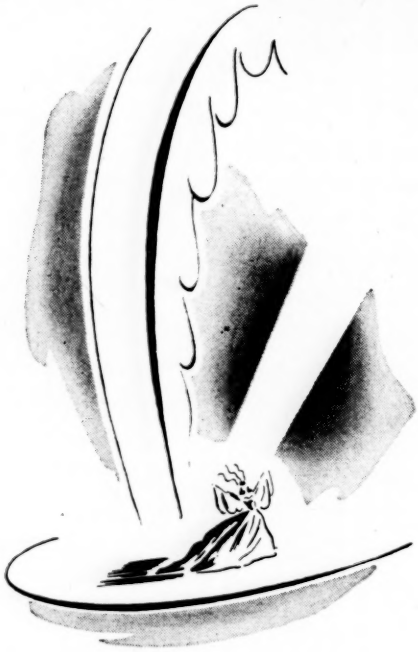

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Readers Write

Sirs:

As individuals, as well as professors of dancing representing the colleagues of all Northern Greece, we send you first of all our sincere greetings.

Owing to the German occupation and the violent revolt among ourselves, we are now beginning the re-organization of our dancing school. The school we maintain in Thessaloniki unfortunately is roofed in a damp underground floor. The only organ we saved from the hands of the enemy is a primitive gramophone. It is impossible to acquire clothing and shoeing with which to carry on our work.

The number of teachers in our school before the war was fourteen of which three died in Germany, one was disabled and two died of starvation during the German occupation.

Any magazine for dancing which will serve for the promotion of our profession will be heartily welcomed at this end.

If any Americans are interested in the Greek dance and its music kindly let us know in order that we may supply you with information.

STATHIS METALLINOS
PASHALIS TSELOUDIS
Thessaloniki, Greece

Sirs:

The article on Maya Deren's dance films in your August issue hit upon a problem about which I have long felt strongly: that is, the tragic lack of adequate recording of great dance art. It is already too late to preserve the genius of Nijinsky and Isadora Duncan, but the tremendous technical advance in movie photography during recent years could make it possible for dancers of the future to study and enjoy the artistic achievements of this generation. Then great dancing, like great music and painting, need not die with the performer.

JOHN MCGILL
New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

If all the Arthur Murray teachers look like the one who posed for the pictures accompanying your article, I'll take the chance of being overcharged!

MYRON BRITSCH
Des Moines, Iowa

Dance

VOLUME XX September, 1946 NUMBER 9

Rudolf Orthwine, Editor and Publisher

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COVER: Cyd Charisse, Metro's new, glamorous ballerina, is photographed at Malibu Beach by Schuyler Crail. Story on page 10.

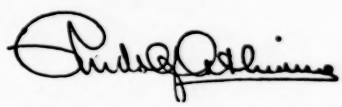
THE ART OF HAPPINESS

PICK OUT a genuinely happy person and you will find that you have a kind, unselfish, broadminded individual without hatred or envy in his heart. He is a person who does not set himself up as a judge of others, but is satisfied to leave that to the supreme power modern religions call God. In my opinion, happiness is the culminative good one thinks or does, the kind words and deeds for others, the forgiveness of those who do you wrong, and the helping of those less fortunate.

Happiness comes from within — one cannot buy it or extract it by force. The trouble with the world today is that there are too many people looking for others to make them happy. But lasting happiness does not spring from others; good deeds, unselfish thoughts make for happiness. Too many people waste a lifetime accumulating wealth and power at the expense of their fellowmen when money and power cannot buy that frame of mind and spirit which springs from noble deeds and thoughts.

You may ask what all this has to do with the dance. Not directly — but it is concerned with the very foundation of human progress, which is the concern of all the arts. Now, more than a year after the most destructive war in history, human beings everywhere are looking for the road that will lead them from chaos to happiness. The world was told that with the defeat of Nazism, freedom and a brighter future would be in store for this and future generations. I have confidence in human progress, but it will not come by edicts or promises — it is up to us living, who escaped the ravages of war, to instill confidence in those who are now bewildered, bitter and dissatisfied.

It is up to us to spread the gospel of understanding, cooperation and brotherly love. I am sure that in our short stay on this earth we will not be able to eliminate all evil. But it is up to you teachers to help mold character in the young, you artists to set a good example, for you are the standard bearers of our culture. And it is up to us who broadcast the printed word to lay the foundation for a brighter future — a springboard of happier future generations.



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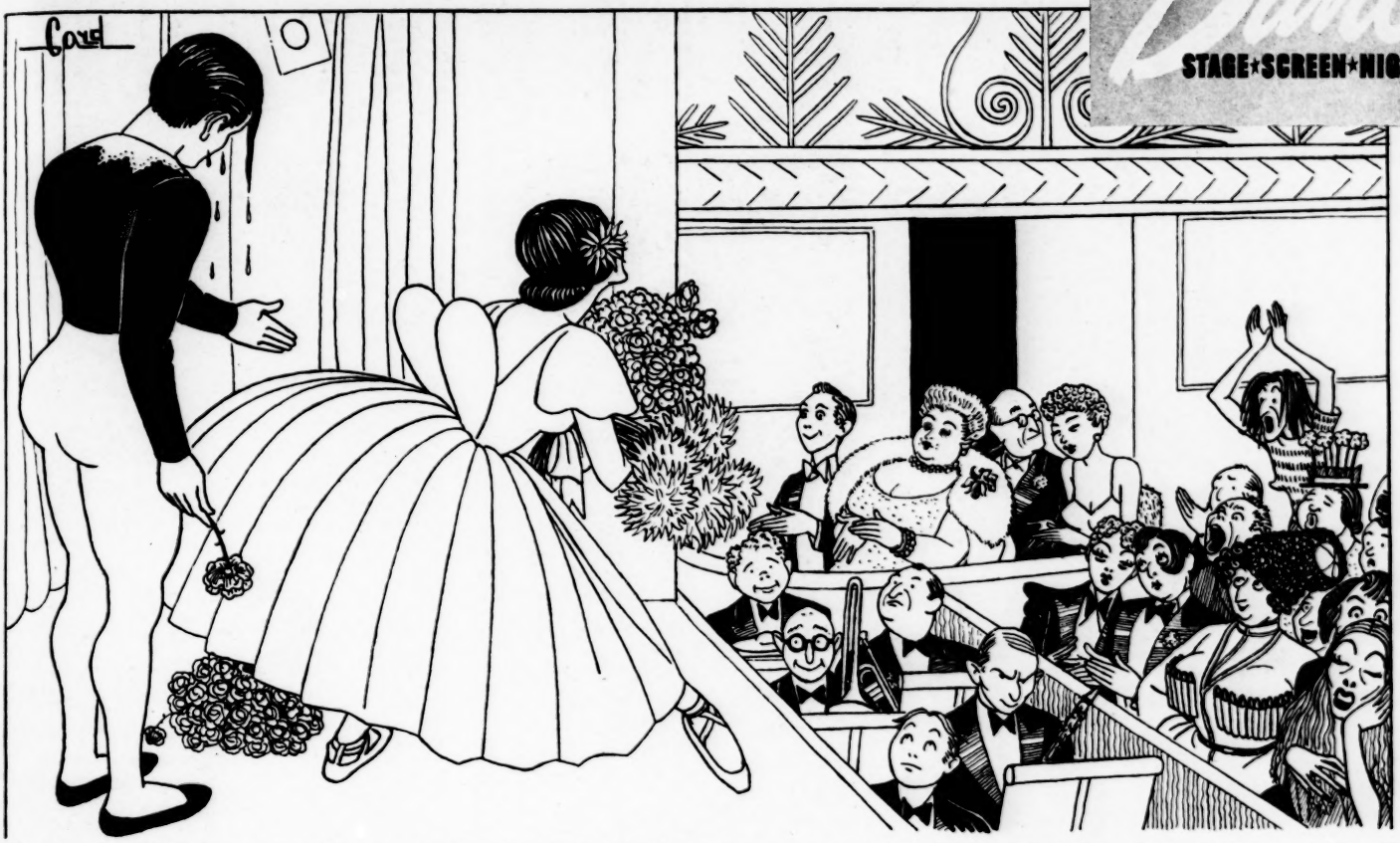


Alex Gard's pointed impression of a cross-section of a typical ballet audience as the prima ballerina and premier danseur take a curtain call.

THOSE BALLET AUDIENCES!

a few booquets from a theatregoer who has had a ballet-full of Terpsichorean fans

by JOHN CHAPMAN

SEVENTEEN years of professional theatregoing in New York have whetted rather than dulled my appetite for things theatrical. I like everything—dramas, comedies, musicals, symphonies, concert soloists, operas and the ballet. Nijinsky and Pavlowa and even Loie Fuller were gods of my youth, and when Toumanova, Baronova and Riabouchinska stepped so lightly to these shores they became my pin-up girls. But I have sworn off ballet as a form of entertainment, enthusiast though I be, because I just can't stand the audiences. My visits to the temples of the hoof are as infrequent as possible and are made with reluctance because reportorial duty has forced them.

The ballet, originally, was not a theatrical performance devoted to the grace and skill of dancers. It was, rather, a method of displaying foreign costumes and manners. We seem now to have swung back to that ancient conception—only the foreign costumes and manners are not on the stage, where one could take them or leave them alone, but in the orchestra, galleries and standing room. The arrival of a ballet company has a mystic effect upon weird people who, I swear, are never seen anywhere at any time except at the Metropolitan Opera House or the New York City Center during a dancing season. I don't believe these people are alive. They must be the walking dead, like zombies, or creatures of a nether world which exists beneath dance floors, because I have never seen them coming or going. They are just there, and when the show is over and they have done with their silly hooting of "Bravo!" and "Brava!" they vanish. Which is a good thing, because metropolitan life would be hell if they were around town all the time.

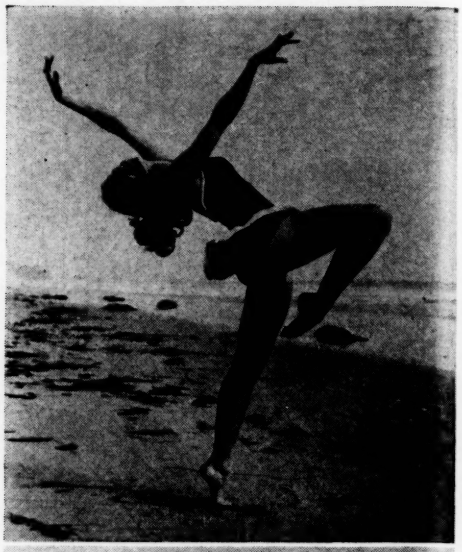
Being no psychiatrist, I'm not sure what it is about ballet that attracts so many sexually abnormal people and inspires them to heights of offensiveness. Dancing is a normal art and a normal entertainment. Ballerinas, goodness knows, are about the most feminine females in the world, and though all the men dancers I've met are not Tarzans, you are likely to find more of an air of swish among the boy dancers in a musical comedy chorus. They are, perhaps, a little crazy—but so are good piano players and baseball pitchers.

But it is not alone the people who are sexually off balance who smell up a good, healthy session of *Swan Lake, Gaité Parisienne* and *Fancy Free*. There also are

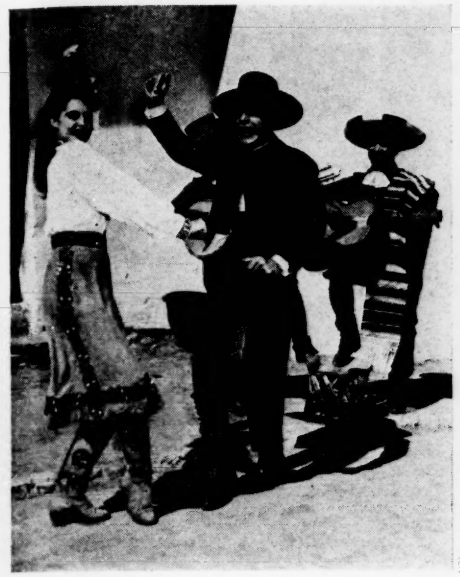
(*continued on page* 37)

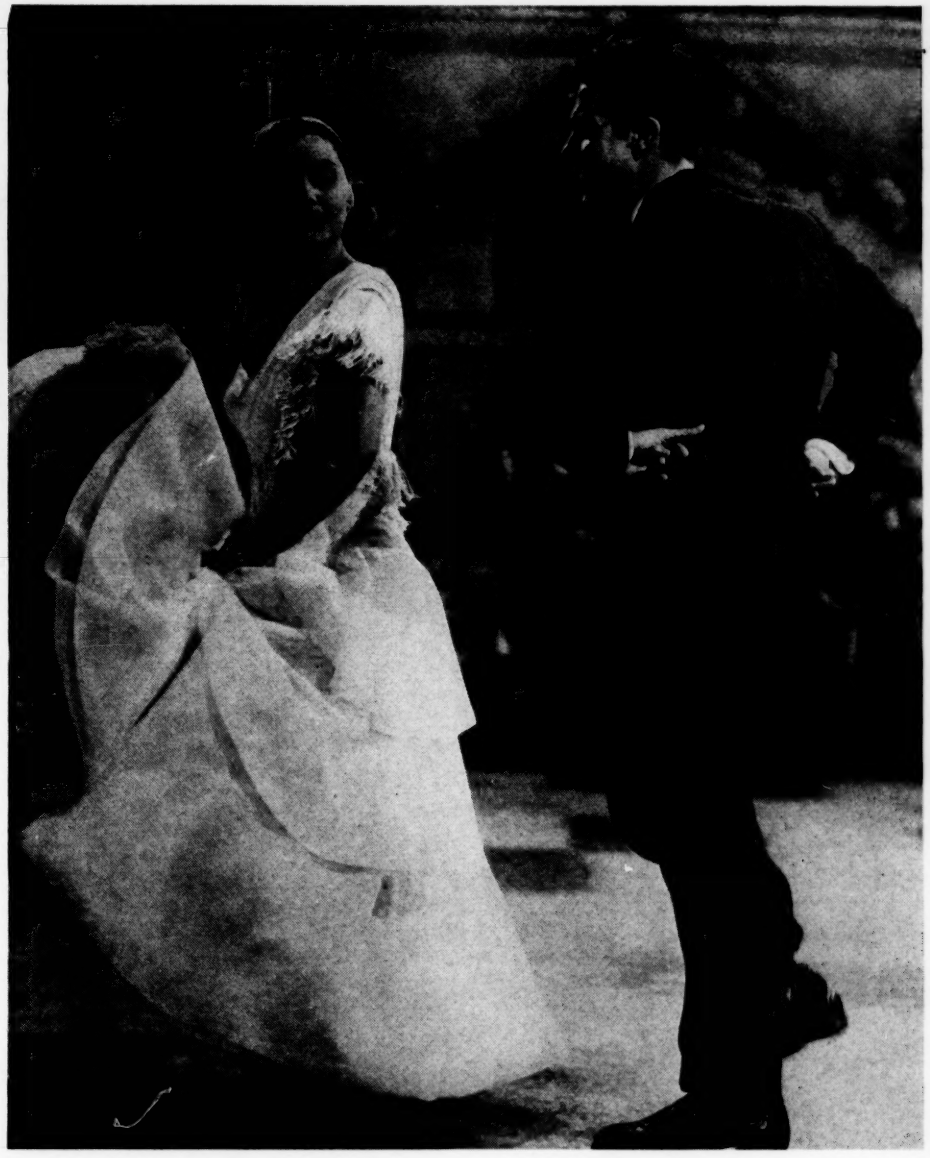
Hollywood Bathing

by **PHILIP K. SCHEUER**



Below: Cyd Charisse relaxes, displaying her gorgeous gams in a reclining position after dancing barefoot on the sands of Malibu (above).





Tula Ellice Finklea of Amarillo, Texas, is now glamorous Cyd Charisse of Hollywood, Calif.

Above: Two scenes from "Fiesta." The young dancer at the right is the Mexican screen star, Ricardo Montalban. Below: Typical glamour pose.

EVEN MGM people perspire. David Lichine, the boss, had just called a halt for lunch. The single-minded California sun beat down on the studio gym, converted into a dance-rehearsal stage, and its glamorous inhabitants as intensely and impartially as it did upon the stevedores in nearby Los Angeles harbor. And as if to cinch the fact that even gods and goddesses of Terpsichore are subject to sore muscles and aching backs, a large bottle of Absorbine, Jr. dominated the room from a dressing table.

While Cyd Charisse was changing from sweater and shorts to something less informal, Lichine launched her praises. His face was wet and streaked and black locks of hair hung limply over his eyes, but he didn't seem to notice. The pride of discovery was in his eyes and voice.

"She is more than a prima ballerina," he said, "because she is natural; she is still Cyd Charisse, a human being. The typical ballerina is no good; she thinks so much of herself that when she steps out on a stage she even gargles in her throat."

There was a faint pause while this somewhat remarkable vision of an unnamed danseuse, a-tiptoe and gulping in self-adulation, sank in. Then:

"There is no step this girl cannot do," Lichine resumed. "I go home and I think overnight of an impossible step and I come back and tell her about it with a certain expression on my face. But she just says 'Let's try it' and—behold, she is doing it!" The panegyric rose to its most extravagant Russian pitch: "She is the dream of a choreographer, this Charisse, the greatest American ballerina—a statement I will back up absolutely!"

When he could pull himself together, he went on to recount that he had known her all of ten years, that it was he who fostered her career, "inviting" her to dance with the original Russian Ballet—an invitation she accepted—and that she has continued to study with him intermittently "all these years."

(continued on next page)

Miss Charisse and the ocean breeze cooperate prettily at Malibu for the omnipresent cameraman.

The movie which is again uniting them professionally is tentatively titled *The Unfinished Dance,* a free (very) adaptation of *Ballerina,* the French film, shown here in 1938. Basically it will still concern the devotion of a little girl to an older dancer, a devotion that impels the child to spring a trapdoor and cripple the older dancer's fancied rival. Since Margaret O'Brien will play this little devil, however, the trapdoor springing will be made to appear accidental rather than as the result of malicious intent, thus avoiding the risk of offending the sensibilities of Margaret's millions of breathless admirers.

Miss Charisse will portray the object of the child's affections. The role of the other dancer, that created by Mia Slavenska, will be undertaken by Katharine Booth, a blue-eyed shapely whose gams have been used to date principally to ornament the Ziegfeld and other Technicolored chorus lines at MGM. Lichine is fostering her career, too.

The Unfinished Dance, a typical Joe Pasternak-Henry Koster collaboration, will feature the usual musical potpourri. Lichine is devising ballets to illustrate excerpts from such scattered works as the inevitable *Swan Lake, Faust, Bartered Bride,* "a big production number with wind machines and parachutes," a finale on a Russian theme to Tchaikowsky's Piano Concerto, an O'Brien solo to Beethoven's Second Symphony, and a Chopin prelude and etude for Charisse.

Cyd Charisse was signed by the studio to dance in the *Follies.* She made a dramatic test that showed her up well, and was given her first noticeable role in *The Harvey Girls,* of which she was one. In charming deshabille she sang and danced "It's a Cold, Cold World" with a couple of sister waitresses. She has since filled a non-Terp bit in *Three Wise Fools,* soloed in *Till the Clouds Roll By,* and performed a fiery Spanish turn in *Fiesta* which is her favorite to date.

A nice girl off-screen as well as on, she declared she would prefer "nice" acting parts and more of them. However, she has no intention of abandoning ballet, whose training she regards as an invaluable adjunct to the dramatic art.

"I never thought of **taking** the movies seriously," she confesses. "I don't believe anyone who really wants to dance does; they think of the stage rather than the screen as their goal. But now I have learned to work out a scene as if it were a dance routine. After all, I've thought about nothing but dancing since I was eight years old."

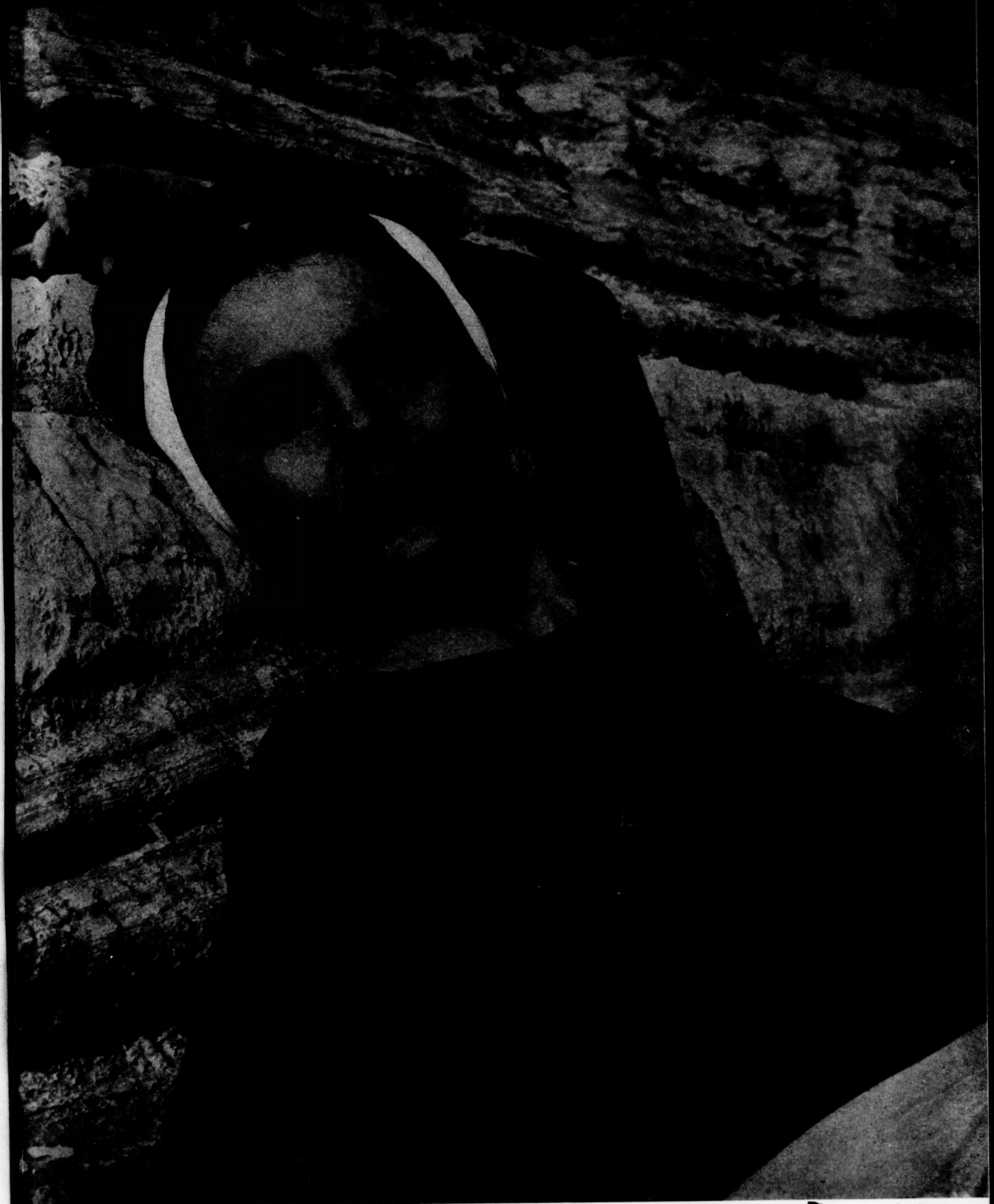
That was in her home town of Amarillo, Texas—as unlikely a cradle for an American Pavlowa as can be imagined. But Cyd's dad, a jewelry-storekeeper, was all for it from the beginning. His name was Ernest Enos Finklea, and Cyd was christened Tula Ellice Finklea. The "Charisse" came from her husband, Nico Charisse. He was her teacher when she went to Los Angeles, and after their marriage (she was seventeen) Cyd assisted him in the operation of a ballet school there. They have one son, age four. Recently there have been reports of a separation. She did not deny them.

The evolution of "Cyd" is interesting. It is a corruption of "Sid," which was as close to "Sis" as her one brother could come when they were kids together. In a typically grandiose gesture, somebody at Metro transmogrified it into "Cyd" when she was officially received into the royal family.

Before he died, Charisse's father saw his dream for her come true. He spent four proud weeks with his ballerina-daughter while she toured with the Russian Ballet. Soon after returning home he suffered the stroke which ultimately proved fatal.

Cyd is tall, five-feet-six-inches, and dark-skinned, with brown eyes and brown hair. "I have," she offers in explanation, "Indian blood from my mother. I must remember to ask her how much."

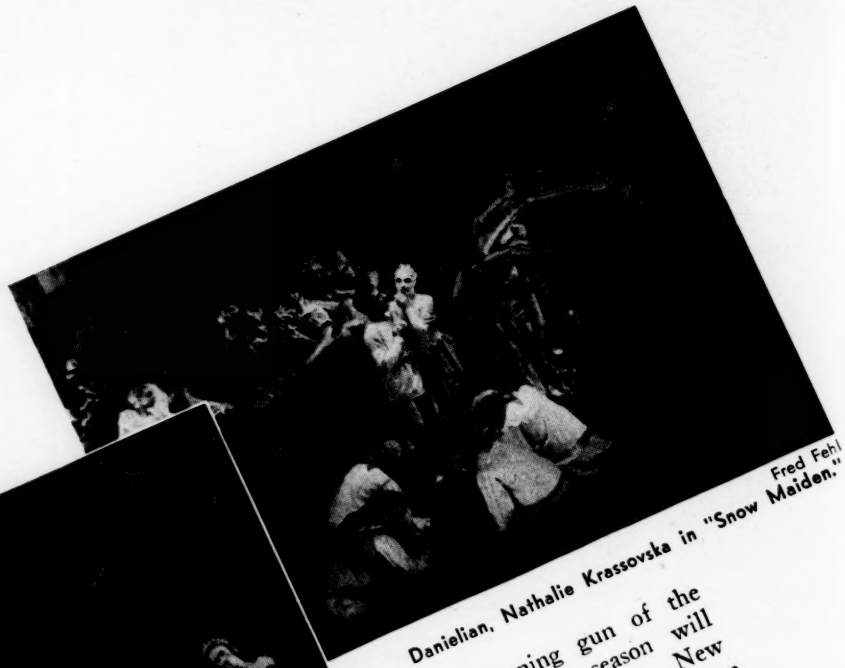
But first there would be the afternoon rehearsal. The sun still focused a hot eye on the gym; only its angle had changed. Lichine, again the taskmaster, warned his charges not to sit down or drink much water. "It is bad to relax or bend the knees between exercises," he volunteered, coming over. "And as for the water—you would not let a horse fill himself just before a race, would you?"



ps: Schuyler Crail—Picture Surveys, Inc.

BALLET TIME

the fall ballet season is about to make its debut



Danielian, Nathalie Krassovska in "Snow Maiden." Fred Fehl

Goddard, Tallchief and Chouteau in "Ballet Imperial." Fred Fehl

THE opening gun of the fall ballet season will be sounded at New York's City Center when the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo opens a ten day run on September 4. The new ballets of last season, *Raymonda*, *Night Shadow* and *Comedia Balletica* will be featured, together with *Baiser de la Fee*, which was revived. New in the repertoire this fall will be Ruth Page's *The Bells*, premiered by the Chicago Civic Ballet. Plans for the spring include *Farandole* by George Balanchine and *Unidentified Lady*, a new ballet by Valerie Bettis.

Maria Tallchief in "Baiser de la Fee." Walter E. Owen

Krassovska as "Raymonda" and Nicolas Magallanes as Jean de Brissac. Walter E. Owen

ICETIME

by JOHN GROTH

JUST about the nicest and coolest place to be on a hot summer night is at the Center Theatre in Rockefeller Centre, New York City. There, in America's only ice theatre, *Icetime* plays every night.

Icetime runs the entire gamut of the dance, on skates: ballet, classical and experimental, the popular dances of all periods—cakewalk, polka, cancan, waltz—as well as jive. There is acrobatic, tap and precision dancing. There are Russian the national dances. There are dance-skaters with knives and shouts, and the usual leaps over barrels. There is a dive through a dagger-studded hoop. There is more costume than in all the shows on Broadway—costume that is pretty but obstructs the grace and action of the skating, which is really what you come to see. There are pretty girls and very pretty boys who don't seem so strange in the dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairy.

Beauty versus comedy battle it out to the very end with comedy somewhat ahead, and Freddie Tronkler being graceful-funny.

It's tough when you finally leave the ice-bound theatre and have to remove your coat again.

the cakewalk, polka, waltz, cancan and jive—all on ice

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DON'TS FOR DANCING

RADIO's Jackie Kelk, CBS comedy star, and Walter Thornton model Helen Seamon here demonstrate how not to behave when tripping the light fantastic at some upholstered cellar or plush palladium. Kelk, of Aldrich Family fame, and Miss Seamon graphically illustrate seven cardinal sins of the dance floor dunces.

JITTERBUGS. The trumpets and the drums are in their blood, so gangway, everybody. You want to dance, too? Well, better you leave the floor before they inflict mortal injury. These jive-happy characters just want you to see them dance.

THE ROMANCERS. Lost in each other's arms, these two leave navigation in the hands of the gods. Eyes closed, they drift dreamily by, apparently impervious to the glares and jabs of other dancers.

THE HAT. The lady has a passion for this little bonnet and is loath to take it off on the dance floor. Her escort is in danger of losing an eye when she leans forward in a confidential mood.

THE EXHIBITIONIST. He has a tricky new step and picks a crowded dance floor on Saturday night to show it to his girl. She doesn't appreciate him, the step or the amused glances from other dancers.

THE GRIPPER. Jackie gets a flat-of-hand clutch about his partner's waist, a grip which hikes her dress up in back and makes her determine to either stick to bridge or find herself a new man.

LA RUMBA. There may be eighty people on a bridge-table size dance floor, but these rumba addicts spread out, doing their fanciest steps. Anybody who gets mad just doesn't understand La Danse.

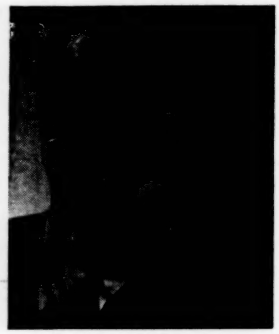
THE FLIRT. It's not that she doesn't like the guy she's dancing with —it's just that the music and the rhythm bring out the vamp in her—she must reassure herself that she is still a femme fatale.

tripping it with deadheads of the dance floor— or how to lose friends and alienate partners

MODERN DANCE IN EGYPT

the universal properties of expressional dance are displayed by oriental teen-agers

by WALTER TERRY



For a nation rich in folk and religious dances, Egypt has the poorest theatre dance I have ever seen. The "danse du ventre" girls in the cafes and at the festivals are excellent in the type of dance they represent and the simple folk dances which are incorporated into Egyptian musical shows and operas are thoroughly charming, but although the capital city, Cairo, boasts a fine symphony orchestra, splendid concert artists, great painters and superior actors, actresses and stage directors, a vital theatre dance is sadly lacking. There are evenings of ballet and such ballet! Some obscure Balkan ballerina usually heads the group which is composed of a few Egyptians and Greeks or Italians of Egyptian citizenship. The technique on view is not only on a primer plane, it is patently wrong, but what is worse is the subject matter. Themes are either concerned with unfolding flora or deal pretentiously with "kindly dawn" and "cruel dusk" and all are danced in the manner of the "fancy dance" of twenty or thirty years ago. The Egyptian ballet programs, at least during wartime, were enough to make this dance-critic-in-uniform dash for the lobby at the first opportunity.

Since I was stationed in Egypt for more than two years, I had ample time to visit these performances of ballet and I also had time to protest against them. Lectures on American contemporary dance and ballet were arranged and I did my crusading best to pass along the word that theatre dance need not be a "pretty" art, devoid of taste and intelligence, but that it could be stirring, profound and representative of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the Egyptian people. Perhaps a few seeds, a few ideas were planted by these talks—I do not know—but soon I was given opportunity to supplant words with action.

In the Spring of 1944, the American University at Cairo gave me permission to conduct classes in modern dance for thirty Egyptian boys and girls of the University. Twice each week, for more than a year, I taught these teen-agers all that I could about modern dance. It was a challenge in many ways, for initial body training is hard work and not very exciting, Egyptian girls are inclined to avoid effort, any teen-ager is prey to shifting interests and it had to be proved that modern dance could supply the expressional dance needs of Egypt as well as those of America. I tried to make the initial body exercises fun to do and demanding, since the Egyptian likes to prove his prowess. In order to make some of the girls exert effort, I appealed to their modernity as contrasted with the accepted languor of their feminine forebears. To maintain constant interest, I devised a few new movement sequences for each lesson and started them on a simple, yet highly dramatic dance, after a month or two of training. And as for adapting modern dance to the needs of the Egyptian, I urged them to think about and work out by themselves dances based on themes native to their land.

I was challenged in more ways than those itemized above, and one way in particular. My students were quick to learn and being blessed with slim limbs and almost unbelievable limberness, they kept me worn out trying to stay ahead of them. Since my military duties were heavy, odd moments in the shower room or in the barracks were used to stretch that leg a little higher, to make that turn less wobbly and to add an inch to the height of that jump. My soldier colleagues had long since become used to my non-GI gyrations and never gave a knee-bend or a shoulder swing and contraction a second glance.

Almost all of the students learned the technique of modern dance as if it were a vocabulary and then touched it with their own personal inflections. In general, modern dance emerged as an intensely dramatic, highly emotional yet dignified activity, thus reflecting three prime Egyptian qualities. Specifically, it gave expression to the personal qualities of the individual. Roger loved to show off and in the dance studies concerned with the ebb and flow of energy, he flowed magnificently but refused to ebb, while Josette, an Egyptian Jewess, accomplished the surging motion with dignity and strength and brought a strange poignancy to the movements of fading dynamics. Hayria and Leila, both pure Egyptians, one Moslem and the other Coptic Christian, danced with a cleanness of line and beauty of gesture immortalized in the wall paintings on the tombs of their Pharaonic ancestors. Each, then, invested this new dance with his own characteristics and sometimes flavored it with the heritage of his people.

All of these characteristics had to be harnessed or at least fused, for one of the main functions of modern dance is to promote effective group effort. I taught them a very simple dance with no literary theme and concerned with large scale movements done in a minimum of space. At first there was trouble as one person would get swatted with a swinging arm or trod upon by a too adventurous foot. But ultimately these Egytian boys and girls—Moslem, Coptic, Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, Jewish, Protestant and others—danced in perfect harmony, learning to relate their actions with those of their neighbors. Husky Akram moved in complete accord with delicate Josette who danced near him and, in fact, the entire group moved

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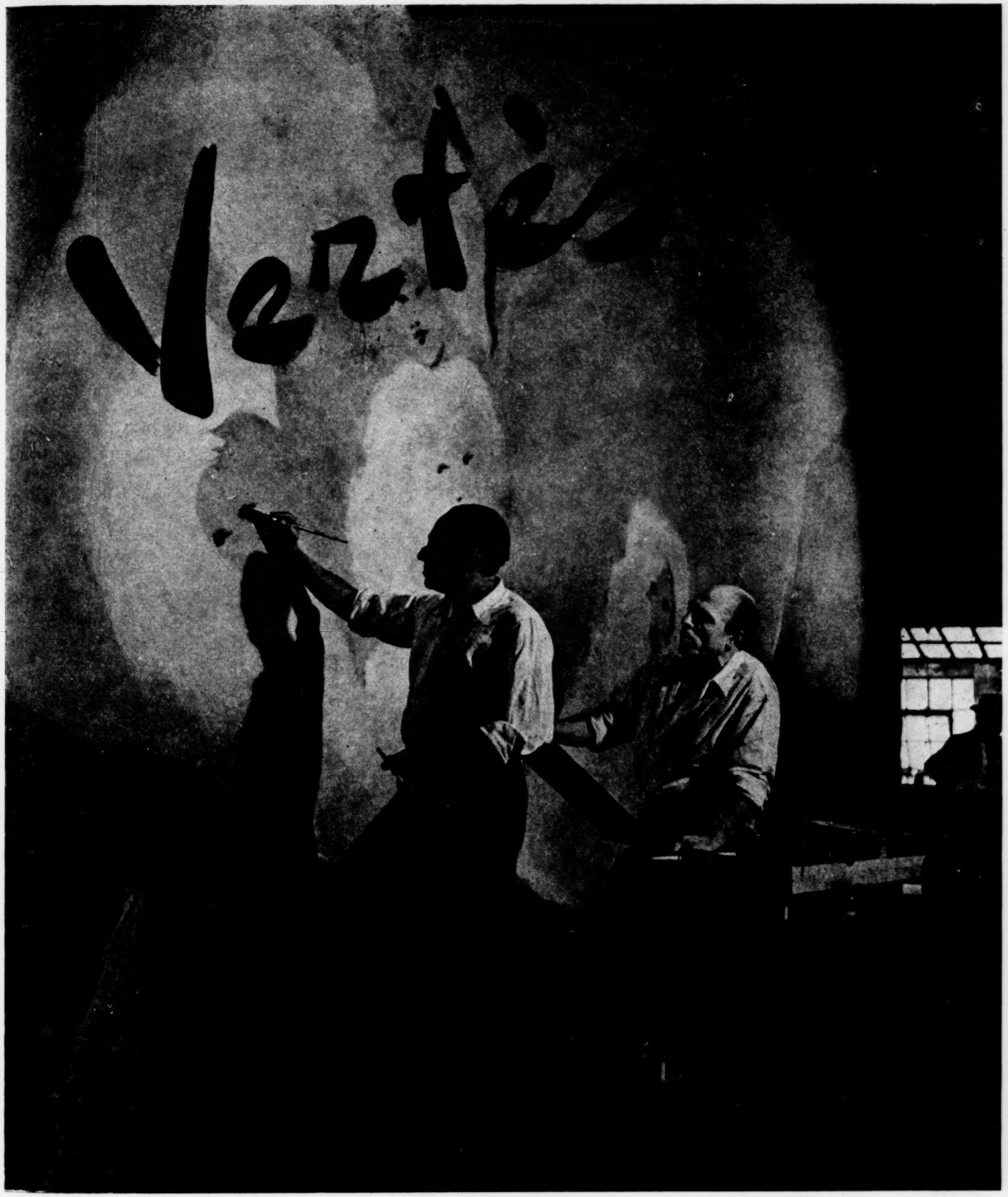


Philippe Halsman

Marcel Vertes paints Ballet Theatre's "Bluebeard" set in studio of Eugene Dunkel (right).

an artist whose work ranges from fashion to footwork, from burlesque to the ballet

Left: Delicate blue and pink pastels are employed by Vertes for this "clouds" costume in "Brahms Variations."

THIS fall, the Atheneum Publishing Company will put out a book entitled *Vertès,* with text by Francis Carco, and 24 full color and 120 black and white illustrations by Marcel Vertès. Vertès is a Hungarian by birth and a citizen of France who served in the French army during the war, later escaping to the United States via Cuba in 1940. Today he is probably best known for the exotic and delicate ads he does for Schiaparelli Perfumes (Shocking, etc.) and for fashion advertisers. But Vertès' main artistic preoccupation is with the dance. He says that most of his drawings are inspired by dancing. He has sketched Harlem dance halls, jazz dancers, burlesque and the circus. He is known to balletomanes for his costumes and decor for *Brahms Variations, Bluebeard* and *Helen of Troy.* He has also done such contrasting work as two books of sketches published in France, *Maisons* and *L'Amour Venal,* dealing with the underworld, and *The Stronger Sex* (Hyperion Press), in his more familiar sentimental style, with a running commentary by Janet Flanner. Vertès' mixture of the tender and the macabre, of flower girls and streetwalkers, of ballet and fashion he explains by saying that his "passion for painting is so keen that it makes no difference to me whether I carry it out on a wall, a canvas, a sheet of paper, a table or a China plate. The main thing is that I assuage it, and I don't consider myself the least demeaned when it happens that one of my pictures is reproduced as a tapestry or is published in a fashion magazine. The proof is that I have never attempted to disguise my signature even if the drawing or gouache acquired may have helped the sale of innumerable pairs of silk stockings." D.S.

Left: Design by Vertes for the costume of Apollo worn by Andre Eglevsky in Nijinska's "Brahms Variations."

Right: Vivid oil paintings on an eight-foot screen depict Spanish Loyalist children dancing in the streets of Paris.

Richard Tucker
Katherine Dunham (right) in "Congo Paillette."

"Woman with the Cigar" from "Tropical Revue."

Fred Fehl
"Rara Tonga," solo number from "Tropical Revue."

ETHNIC DANCING

by KATHERINE DUNHAM

[*Katherine Dunham, anthropologist-choreographer-dancer, has gone to first-hand sources for inspirational material for her "primitive" dances. In the following article she offers for the first time for publication some reminiscences of a pre-war trip to the West Indies, which yielded fruit in the Broadway productions, "Carib Song," "Cabin in the Sky" and "Tropical Revue," and the motion pictures, "Carnival in Rhythm" and "Stormy Weather." In addition to impressions of her travels, Miss Dunham has added a few critical comments on dancing and its audience reaction. A book on the subject, "Katherine Dunham's Trip to Accompong" will be published in November by Henry Holt and Company. She plans another trip to the West Indies soon for further study.—Ed. Note*]

IMPRESSIONS of Haiti, Jamaica, Kingston, Trinidad—names on a map, finally viewed, after so much field work and preparation. At first glance disappointing, poor, soiled, and frightening, until we caught the fever—the night sessions with priests muttering over charcoal fires, incessant drums, hostile faces, body-soaked cottons, wary-eyed natives.

There was work to be done in and around Kingston before I felt equipped for the country of Maroon people, isolated mountain dwellers centered at Accompong near Maggotty in the cockpit region to the north. It was very hot this time of the year, well into July now, and care had to be taken to keep film from moulding, to get exposed rolls shipped off immediately, to guard against mildew on the war record discs. The hottest time of all, though, was filming social dances like the *sha-sha* and the *mento* under the burning afternoon sun with more heat quivering up from the cement-paved enclosure in the Spanish Town district.

At night the *Pocomanians* let loose and that meant short-lived flares and risking displeasure of a temperamental priest or even abuse from a possessed devotee for taking pictures or just for being around at all, an outsider. Up in the cockpits the serious field work began and now I felt the real urge to get into the swing of things (Oh, you self-assured, callous drum beater, picture snapper, movie peeping-tom, earth pounder, shoulder shaker, rum drinker, hip swinger, record groover, creole talker, sun-dried, rhythm-soaked, touristphobe.) After Martinique, the deck of a French steamer bound for the Guianas with a load of prisoners. A stifling journey by way of Barbados, blinding sun by day, restless heat by night.

In Trinidad I found a governor waiting with a tea cup, and the kindly intentions of a score of petty government officials spurred on by letters from professors and the possibility of reciprocal services.

The island of Trinidad. For my three month stay, the Cafe de Paris in midtown Port-of-Spain, the capital, was headquarters. It was so noisy, so hot and uncomfortable that I was only too happy, finally, to establish inland con-

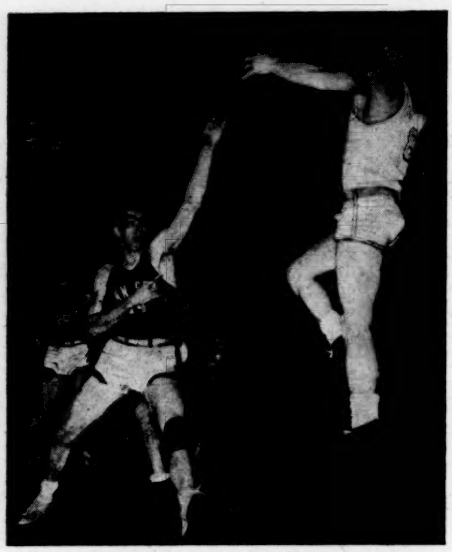
(*continued on page* 34)

an anthropologist-choreographer-dancer pens some impressions of a trip to the West Indies

Right: "Egyptian Ballet" from "Cabin in the Sky." Photo: Ifor Thomas, Collier's Magazine.

SPORTS AND THE DANCE

by ***MURRAY GOODMAN***



Above: A basketball player leaps high to capture the ball. Below: Sonja Henie combines athletics and dancing on ice.

THERE may be less painful and more immediate methods of committing suicide, but one that is practically guaranteed to work at all times is to suggest to an athlete that he bears—in action—even the slightest resemblance to a dancer. And if you absolutely insist on instantaneous extinction, just add casually that the aforementioned behemoth of sport not only resembles a dancer but also one of the ballet variety. That is the touch de luxe—there is no quicker way of feeling the effect of the human atomic bomb.

For fear, possibly, of inviting personal mayhem, few have ever attempted to explain the strange mental gap between dancing and sports. Yet, despite the fact that the dance has been snickered at by sportsdom's strong men as being decidedly "sissified," there is an amazing similarity between the two.

Without getting involved with the form of dancing known as "jitterbugism," which requires all the talents of an acrobat and contortionist far beyond the simple skills of the average person, athletics and dancing—particularly the ballet—have a startling kinship. In his or her own way, the athlete, regardless of the sport, and the dancer train to achieve timing and balance, and a gracefulness of movement which more often than not distinguishes the great from the good, and the good from the mediocre or bad.

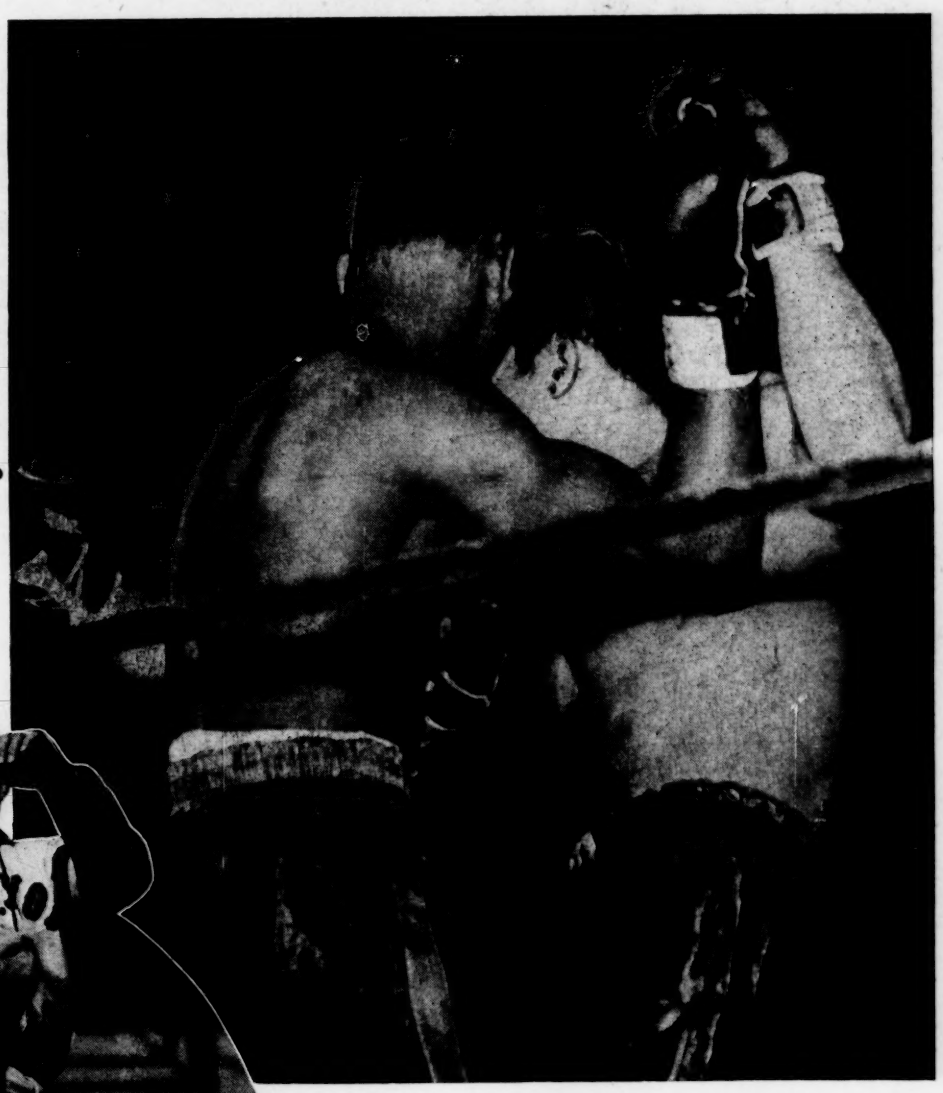
The athlete might deny this relationship but it is a known fact that many boxers have taken dancing lessons to improve their footwork in the ring; that track and field athletes, especially the hurdlers, train as strenuously as ballet dancers for coming events; and it was even reported, in the not too distant past, that the Brooklyn Dodgers hired a famous dancemaster to teach the "Bums" the elements of footwork so that they would abstain from falling over their own feet in running from base to base.

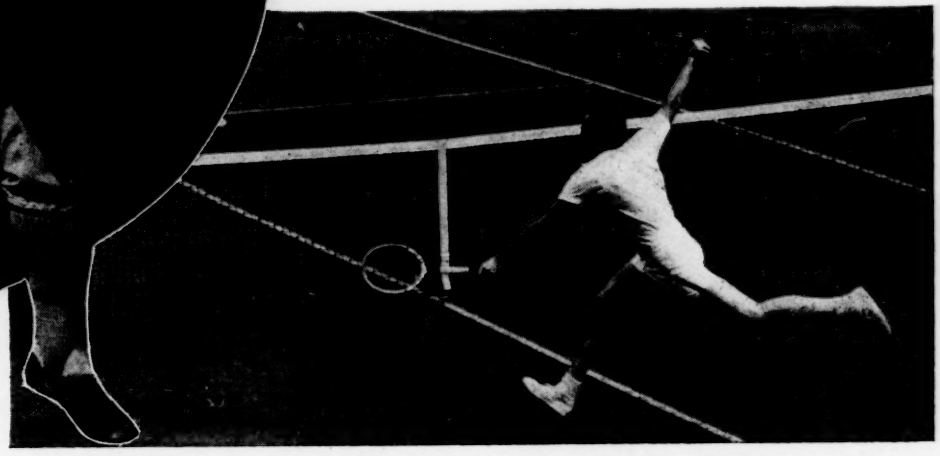
It is simple to prove to the sports skeptics that sports and the dance are on the same family tree. In baseball, at any ball park, you can see the similarity in a first-baseman reaching for a "high one," or a shortstop leaping into the air to stab at a vicious line drive. You can see it in a batter, following through at a pitch. You can see it on the football field as a player races with arms outstretched to catch a pass, or as he punts a ball with arms flung out for balance and leg in a tremendous high kick. You can witness it on any tennis court, in the rhythm of the forehand or backhand drive, or in the service. Basketball is full of instances which, if you are looking for them, would remind you of a dancer in harmonious movement.

Jack Tanzer

In fact, there isn't a competitive sport which doesn't reproduce in one form or another, some element of dancing. That goes even for the old-fashioned waltz, which can quite too often be seen at its best in a ring primarily used for a pastime known as boxing.

This could go on indefinitely, but words are meaningless where pictures or actual action can tell the story much better. The facts are there despite the vehement denials that will come from some sources. All of which, of course, may prove anything or nothing, depending on your point of view. It's a good idea, however, to use sound judgment in calling athletes dancers or vice versa. The risk is your own.





Above: These ring-rivals look like jive-fiends in a rug-cutting session. Left: first baseman Bill Terry employs a front extension to maintain his balance. Below: a net star covers the court in grand jetes.

International News Photos

DARK HOUR

Virginia Johnson's psychological dance is captured in a striking series of stills

VIRGINIA JOHNSON teaches modern dance in Beverly Hills, California, has given dance recitals throughout the United States and did some of the dances for *Mexican Hayride* and the Memphis, Tennessee, summer operetta series. "Dark Hour" is one of the sections of her dance suite called *Trilogy*, a solo work, psychological in nature, reflecting a mood of crisis and conflict. The pictures were taken by dance photographer Larry Colwell in his Manhattan studio at an angle two feet from the floor, using lights totaling 10,000 watts. Colwell says that the salient requirements of a dance lensman are to work fast, be familiar with the motive and the various attitudes and gestures of the dance, and to try to capture the peak of the action. He prefers a clean, simple background. In strong action shots, Colwell likes to have some part of the movement blurred, thus adding to the general feeling of the shot. When photographing a dancer, Colwell usually has his record player going and also has a large mirror so placed that the dancer can see herself and check for line. D. S.

A Word on Plays

a foretaste of the fall footlight season; De Mille and Robbins in the realm of dance

by Sid Garfield

THE Fall might be properly identified as the season of the year when the converted barns of New England and New Jersey are once more inhabited by cows making moo, instead of actors making moolah. In sum, the loaf is ended, the chips are down, and more tradition is about to be added to an art form as old as time itself.

Now, the theatre-going public is no longer amused by aspiring Broadway freshmen bathing themselves in the arrogant and trivial dialogue of Noel Coward's *Private Lives* or Frederic Lonsdale's *Let Us Be Gay*. The real and exciting professionals are at hand and, this winter, that promises to mean Helen Hayes and Ingrid Bergman, Maxwell Anderson and Eugene O'Neill, Rouben Mamoulian and George S. Kaufman. In the specific field of choreography, it will mean Agnes de Mille and Jerome Robbins, spearheading a contingent of show-sharp technicians, bidding to make the months ahead momentous ones for theatre-goers whose eyes focus most sharply on dance interludes.

Even the most casual inspection of the Fall's tentative schedule assures that it will be a dizzy season for most of McBride's ticket salesmen. Come October, they will be seeing ten-spots in front of their eyes. If you think not, examine the Winter book for the Forties:

O'Neill Cometh

First, because he is regarded as America's greatest playright, living or deceased, let Eugene O'Neill's name lead all the rest. After twelve years of stubborn Broadway retirement—he was last represented in Times Square by *Days Without End* in 1934—O'Neill comes back with not one, but three new productions. The most important appears to be his long-awaited *The Ice Man Cometh* at the Martin Beck theatre. It is described as a four-act play, the action transpiring in a Manhattan bar, the "Ice Man" representing Death. James Barton has already been signatured for the lead role, with Eddie Dowling directing. The second O'Neill opus is *A Moon For The MisBegotten,* with events whirling around a Connecticut farm. Dudley Digges is co-ordinating the dramatic action and Robert Edmond Jones is to be responsible for the sets. *A Touch Of The Poet* is the last of the O'Neill trio, with no director or cast members even rumored. If merely the fore-going fails to make you impatient for Labor Day to get a move on, then ice water must run in your veins, and this essay is a sad waste.

Moving forward, *A Girl From Lorraine* will unite a handful of the

theatre's most illustrious citizens. Ingrid Bergman will forsake the lotus land that is Beverly Hills to come East for the title role. Frederic March is mentioned as a co-star. Maxwell Anderson has turned out this "play within a play" idea, the story evolving out of the friction between a star and her director over an interpretation of the character of Joan of Arc. Garson Kanin looms as the man who will put Miss Bergman through her dramatic paces.

Broadway has tempted another prominent Hollywood lady, Anita Loos, back to her first love. In 1931, Miss Loos was acknowledging plaudits for her *Social Register.* Now she bids fair to do it all over again. Certainly, the sponsorship of her new opus, *Happy Birthday,* is an impressive one. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein will produce, and no less than Helen Hayes will be starred. Rouben Mamoulian, cited already for *Oklahoma!* and *Carousel,* will be attempting to push this into the hit class.

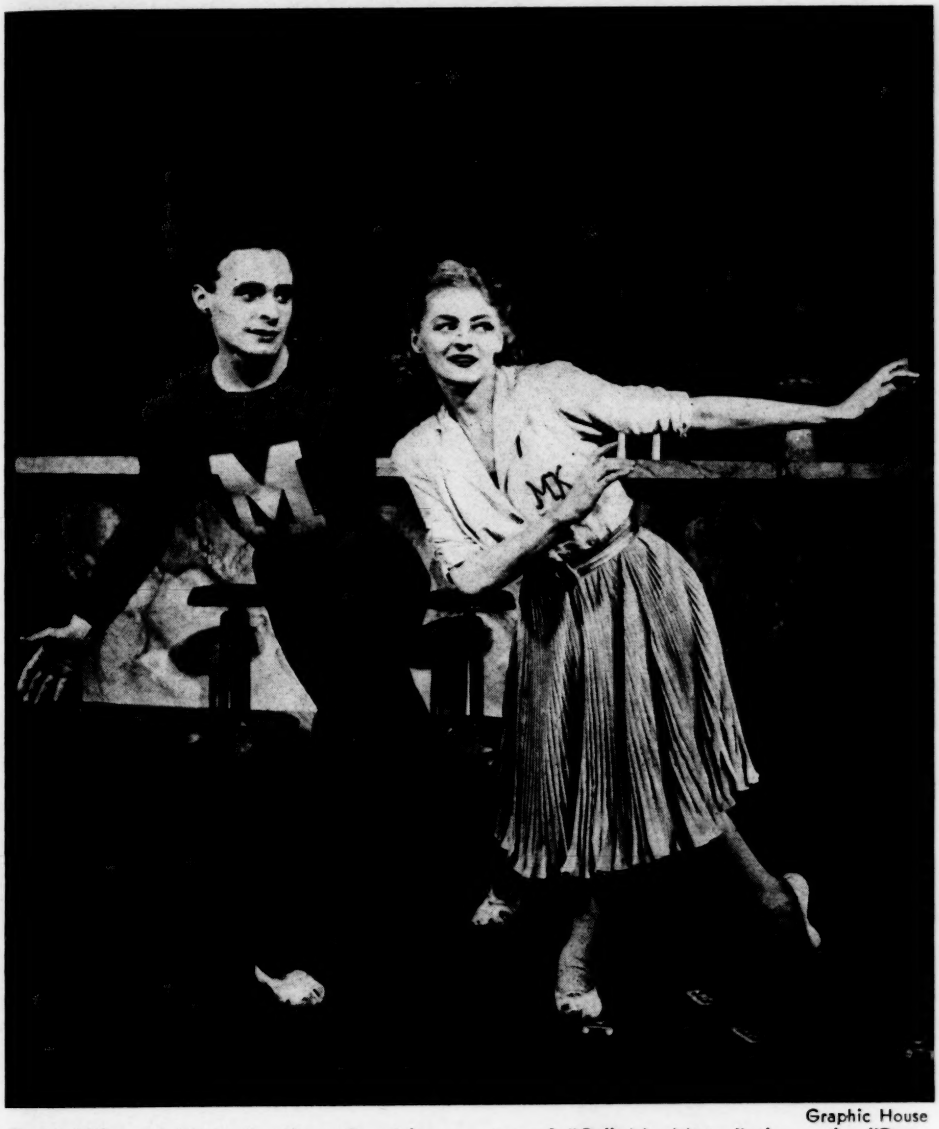
Webb and Williams

As always, dramatic properties will be imported from England to help make the Fall of '46 a memorable one. Noel Coward's *Present Laughter,* having been successfully premiered in London's Haymarket, with the great Noel himself in the lead role, will be making its bid for Broadway applause and cash. Clifton Webb apparently will be tapped for the part in its American version. Terence Rattigan, who provided the Lunts with their rollicking sides in *O Mistress Mine,* will add lustre, it is hoped, with his *The Winslow Boy,* Emlyn Williams to be starred. Mr. Williams, is, of course, as distinguished a playwright as he is an actor. His own drama, *The Wind Of Heaven,* transpiring in a tiny Welsh village in the year 1856 and concerning a small boy who can perform miracles, will be up for approval in November.

Edward and Jerome Chodorov, deft playrighting brothers who labor independent of each other, will be offering respectively, *Home For Christmas,* a serious piece about a returning GI, and *Barnaby and Mr. O'Malley,* a dramatized interpretation of the PM cartoon character of Crockett Johnson's.

(*continued on page* 39)

STAGE AND SCREEN



Graphic House

David Nillo and Maria Karnilova, Terpsichorean stars of "Call Me Mister," dance the "Drug-store Song" sequence to Harold Rome's music. Choreography for the show is by John Wray.

Left: Laurence Olivier as "Henry V" at Agincourt. Right: Consternation in the court of Louis XV as Bob Hope does a minuet in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

...And Selected Short Subjects

in old MGMexico; Monsieur B. Hope; a number of first Rank productions

by Ezra Goodman

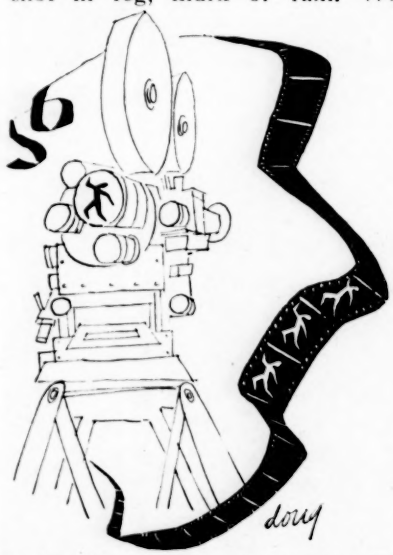
WELL, here we are on this month's Technicolor tour of Mexico, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer section, and whom do we run across but such old natives as Roddy McDowall, Walter Pidgeon, Mikhail Rasumny, Jane Powell and Ilona Massey, all of them on a *Holiday in Mexico*. All of these people, plus Xavier Cugat and Josè Iturbi, are not enjoying themselves very much because of a peculiar predicament involving Miss Powell and the Messrs. McDowall and Iturbi. According to the screenplay of this picture, Miss Powell, who is approximately sixteen years old and sings like all get-out, is in love with Iturbi. Roddy, in his first motion-picture appearance opposite a human being, is in love with Jane and burned up at Josè for supposedly moving in on his girl. Jane's papa, Walter Pidgeon, is also pretty much concerned about the situation. But it all turns out well in the end because Iturbi is happily married, has two charming children and is the innocent victim of circumstances. So, to the accompaniment of much singing and dancing, Jane goes back to Roddy, Josè goes back to his piano, Walter Pidgeon goes back to his old love, Ilona Massey, Xavier Cugat goes back to his rumbas, and the motion picture reviewer goes back to his long, long thoughts.

Where There's Life

Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire,* which once served Rudolph Valentino well as a silent cinema, is now serving Bob Hope even better as a comic vehicle. As a fumble thumb barber in the court of King Louis XV of France, Hope makes love to a royal chambermaid, poses as a duke, indulges in swordplay, and does a minuet in peruke and knee-breeches. A cast of veteran costume players, headed by Joseph Schildkraut, Patric Knowles, Cecil Kellaway, Reginald Owen and Constance Collier play it straight while Hope plays it hilariously cockeyed. The inevitable scene involving Bing Crosby is not overlooked either. *Monsieur Beaucaire* is even funnier than Cecil B. DeMille's costume productions.

The Big Sleep

When Howard Hawks made the slam-bang *Scarface* in 1932, he virtually climaxed the main cycle of Hollywood gangster films that had been distinguished by such earlier efforts as *Little Caesar* and *The Public Enemy*. After *Scarface,* the gangster cycle began an eventual decline, leading into the G-man cycle, and finally into the current series of "private eyes" whodunits. Now it looks as if the other moviemakers will have to go some to beat Hawks' *The Big Sleep* which is probably the most lethal and cold-blooded concoction that has hit the screen in many a season. A combination of Raymond Chandler, William Faulkner and Humphrey Bogart, *The Big Sleep* moves at a gunfire pace and most of it is shot in fog, murk or rain. What



dialogue there is is characterized by its brevity and authority. The setting is Southern California and ranges from a hothouse estate and plush gambling spot to a waterfront pier and a mountain home. The characters include a shamus, a smut-bookdealer, a dipsomaniac, a nymphomaniac, a sadistic gunman, a murdered chaffeur, a dying millionaire, an informer, a blackmailing racketeer and any number of other edifying individuals. Most of this cast of characters are either murdered, beaten up or doped in the course of the picture. Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers, and Fred Steele are extremely credible in their roles and John Ridgely, who usually plays clean-cut young men, makes a superlatively sinister racketeer. Hawks' *Scarface* is still being revived today, and it is a good bet that they'll similarly be reviving *The Big Sleep* in 1960.

Epic From England

J. Arthur Rank's multiple British movie studios have been sending us a number of superlative films embracing such disparate items as *Dear Octopus, Love on the Dole* and *The Seventh Veil. The Dead of Night* is a first-class psychological horror film, and even such old-fashioned melodramas as *Madonna of the Seven Moons* and *They Were Sisters* are beautifully fashioned and performed. Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* has garnered more critical acclaim than any other recent English import and it is to be suspected in certain quarters that this praise is prompted not so much by its cinematic virtues as by its theatrical antecedents and auspices, from Shakespeare to the Theatre Guild. Personally, I found the most effective portions of *Henry V* to be more Broncho Billy than the Bard: in the staging of the Battle of Agincourt, Olivier breaks away from Shakespearian scripture to achieve a super-Western in which the armoured warriors on horseback clash in a mighty sequence. The dramatic stature of Olivier's figure of Henry is an impressive one, and the Shakespearian soliloquies particularly are enhanced by the closeness of the camera. The supporting cast includes ballet dancer Max Adrian as the Dauphin and dancer-choreographer Robert Helpmann in the role of the Bishop of Ely.

Vincent D. Sullivan

Left: Latin Quarter show girl. Right: Canelinna sings into the mike at the Havana-Madrid. The roly-poly fellow at the right is Sergio Orta.

Nights Out

Manhattan Masquerade, Rumbantela in Havana and Zanzibarabian Nights

by Robert W. Dana

To the clashing accompaniment of cymbals, tambourines and silvery rattles and enveloped in a swirl of fantastic nylon costumes worn by the pretttiest girls this side of heaven, Ted Lewis, the high-hatted tragedian of jazz, has returned to Broadway as star of Lou Walters' midsummer Latin Quarter opus, "Manhattan Masquerade."

It was in this very same edifice, some twenty-five years ago, that Lewis and Paul Whiteman shared headline honors at what was then America's smartest cafe, the Palais Royal. What a grand tribute to the great showman to bring him back as the focal point of another wonderful production.

There couldn't be a happier meeting of two talents—Lewis with his bandy legs, his strutting, his clarinet tooting and his innate feeling for show values; Walters with his masterly knowledge of present large-scale production, backed up by a staff that knits its combined efforts into a dazzling continuity.

This is the day of costumes, rather than G-strings and exposed flesh, and Billy Livingston, who designed this batch, proves that their value must never be understated. In them the Wally Wanger Girls look as sweet and pretty as ice cream cones on a warm day.

The opening number proves another thing, too—that the dance is as much the necessary equipment of chorus girls today as a microphone is to the modern crooner. Those twenty beauties, trained by Mme. Kamarova (former prima ballerina of the Folies Bergere in Paris), with the assistance of Marjorie Jackson (chorus graduate), do a very unusual dance that might be termed a modernistic ballet.

Working with them is a group of boys called the Esquires, a holdover from the last show, while interspersed with the routines of this group are neat bits of tapping by Sirki de Vysenof and the flexible contortions of Frances and Grey's doll dance.

Such an introduction even slightly overwhelms Ted Lewis, for when there is a break and the orchestra swings into "When My Baby Smiles At Me," he comes on with a suggestion of tears in his eyes and a sob in his throat. As he looks around he sees no Cantor, Jolson or Jessel, Whiteman, Bernie or Vallee, Gershwin, Kern or Berlin, Tucker, Bayes or Tanguay. No, the Palace days are gone forever. But he does see youth and beauty and excellence.

Now that he has his cue, the show goes on with Lewis as its spokesman. Out comes Geraldine DuBois with her vivacious walk and intriguing songs. Then a complete switch to Bill and Cora Baird, who exhibit their clever puppet act.

Back to beauty and the girls, this time in a Hawaiian dance that makes

(continued on page 48)

People of Note

not since Purcell has Great Britain had a composer like William Walton

by Barry Ulanov

ONE of the chief delights of Laurence Olivier's *Henry V* is its music. It complements the delicate balance of naturalism and fantasy which informs every action in the film; it often broadens the realism; it always gives substance to those inspired moments when the three dimensions of the movie drama become two or four, flat in space or suspended in time and suggestive of eternity as the greatest lines of Shakespeare are. Certainly William Walton's score has neither the profundity nor the intensity nor the suggestion of all time and space and none at all which is the measure of the greatest art, Lessing to the contrary notwithstanding. Walton is a composer of that stripe, all right. His thinking and feeling and communication of both is that large and that convincingly in and out of time and space in his *Belshazzar's Feast,* where it is the whole work of art itself, using a few portions of the Old Testament, but relying upon them no more than Handel did upon the New Testament in constructing his *Messiah. Belshazzar's Feast,* then, and Walton's Violin Concerto and Viola Concerto are large works and very close to greatness. And, in England, he is considered to be a most promising composer for the dance.

The music for *Henry V* is closer to an outer garb than an inner vestment: it's a lovely decoration, one that always fits, but it is no more necessary than any other decoration. Hear it for yourself; perhaps you should see and thus listen to *Henry V* twice, or three times, in order to probe such excellent artifices of the production as the Walton score. And, whether you get it in the first viewing and hearing or the third, notice how, even if you're listening to and for the music, you lose hold of it and don't hear it really, though some sort of amorphous sound strikes your ears. Notice again how clear the music becomes when it, almost alone, carries the drama forward as the central character, the King, soliloquizes, or the French court dines, or the French king sinks sadly into doddering inanity. And then, after you have made this acquaintance with William Walton's skillful musicianship, turn to his other music.

Easily the most popular of the 44-year old composer's works is one of his earliest, *Facade,* music for a series of Edith Sitwell's poems which were read through a mask with a megaphone. The several movements parody dance forms of our time, the fox-trot, tango, waltz, etc., and are so charming in themselves that they immediately (for which read 1923) won a place in

William Walton rehearsing one of his works.

European orchestral repertory and soon after made their successful American debut, albeit without the Sitwellian splendor. Two years later Walton composed his *Portsmouth Point* overture which owes much to jazz: it begins in resolute 4/4 time, in jazz tempo, then goes fairly far afield, but no matter how it wanders the counterpoint of *Portsmouth Point* is a rich appreciation of popular music.

The earlier works are not available on records; fortunately, the larger, more mature music of recent years is. There is the aforementioned *Belshazzar's Feast,* in which chorus and orchestra distinguish themselves under the composer (Victor Set M-DM-974, $5.85). There is the Viola Concerto, which the composer conducted, with Frederick Riddle excellent in the solo role (Decca Set A-8, $3.75). Of this music, Constant Lambert, the English composer-conductor-critic, said with complete justification, I think, "Walton's Viola Concerto, one of the most thoughtful and sincerely conceived works of recent years, refuses to be put into any specific category from the point of view either of technique or tendency. It is neither English nor cosmopolitan, neo-classic nor neo-romantic—it is that least sensational yet most satisfying of all things, a finished and well-balanced work of art." The Violin Concerto, written in 1939 for Jascha Heifetz, is more diffuse, but after several hearings similarly convincing. The Heifetz recording, with the Cincinnati Symphony (Victor Set M-DN-868, $3.85), is one of the violinist's most persuasive.

Though still before his prime as an artist, William Walton has already, I think, reached a point of comparison, not only with other English composers, of whom he is surely the most brilliant since Henry Purcell, but with the finest musicians of all time and all place. He ranks high, of course. He gives me special pleasure because, in his broadness of talent and catholicity of taste, he is able to perform the ephemeral role of a movie composer with as much distinction as he plays the glorious part of an ambitious, mature musical artist.

Dance in Egypt

(*continued from page* 18)

as a unit which had pooled its individual resources in order to attain a common goal.

When it was time for me to leave Egypt, I called my teen-agers together

and urged them to continue to dance and to help give Egypt a new theatre dance. I suggested that they dance their legends, that they make a dance about the Nile and the workers who hawl its precious water to the waiting fields, that they dance about the poverty and the riches and the hope of Egypt, that they take their folk songs and folk dances and give them theatre form through modern dance.

I had been asked to teach at other schools in Cairo, but Army schedules made further teaching impossible, so modern dance was planted in only one spot in Egypt, at the American University at Cairo. Whether it will flourish remains to be seen, for the short period of teaching was not sufficient for much nurturing and the teacher was neither a professional dancer nor an experienced dance director. But although there were decided limitations both in time and in the teacher, it was apparent that Egypt could use the modern dance and use it both educationally and theatrically. Certainly, the Egyptians displayed talent and a facility in dance movement which I have never seen equaled, and my brief association with these Oriental teen-agers I cherish not only as a personal experience but also as a manifestation of the scope and universal properties of the modern expressional dance.

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Ethnic Dancing

(*continued from page* 22)

tacts and be off to Fyzabad, Congo Village, Diego Martin and up into the hills above Port-of-Spain.

There I found whole groups of new dances. Sometimes I found them in town—in the red light districts where Orientals, West Indians, waterfront drifters and the bolder tourists met. The rhythms and patterns of the natives of African descent seemed to have made no influence on the East Indians of Trinidad. At these dances the same legends are enacted, the same folk-dramas unfolded as are found in India today. In the interior I often spent the day with travelling bands of the large-eyed, shining-haired, brightly-draped people. Someone would play the doubleheaded drum carved from the trunk of a coco palm and others would dance a steady, monotonous, foot-shuffling, stomach-rolling combination, the old people clapping hands and singing a language entirely unkown to me.

It has always seemed to me that in the final analysis it is not the investigation and recording of field material that is so important but rather some practical, tangible evidence of its use and translation. To this end I have tried to make use of my findings in the West Indies, both for the development and establishment of a technique which at this point, for want of a more apt title, I have called "primitive," and as an enrichment of the American theatre.

In line with this philosophy, several of my dance numbers were rooted in first-hand Trinidad research. Often I have been asked whether the material I present on stage is "authentic." Although I am in complete sympathy with the thought which motivates such a question, it never ceases to be a little irritating, perhaps because it offends the creative-artist element which every producer-performer guards so jealously. Certainly, it springs from a true source but, used creatively, its authenticity depends entirely upon the individual point of view. The purpose of the theatre is not to reproduce but to present in best possible form and with the greatest artistic skill, integrity and taste the results of the combined talents of several people which may or may not include research but which must partake of imagination and creativeness.

Perhaps the most vivid of the memories of my trip is the funeral dance which I witnessed and in part reproduced later in *Carib Song*. This I saw on the outskirts of Congo Village, a small settlement almost completely untouched by outsiders. On the way back from a two-day festival where I photographed the *calenda, jumba* and the

bel-aire, we came upon a group of boys in an open clearing outside a ramshackle hut. A funeral dance was in progress.

In front of the house, on the tiny, straw-shaded porch, four old men beat drums and sang while a white-robed woman shook a rattle and led the singing. The boys, beating bamboos, shifted weight steadily and rapidly from one foot to the other, twisting their hips from side to side. They formed a circle and in the center a plump, middle-aged woman was deftly shuffling her way around a shining black-skinned, gleaming-toothed young man. The shuffle would take them clockwise, then, as if by mutual consent, they would shift into a pattern of low second position interrupted by cross-kicks with right and left leg alternately. Then they would shuffle again, and spurred by remarks from the sidelines, the center couple would come closer and the emphasis would move from feet well into central torso, becoming unmistakably sexual in intention.

They had apparently taken no notice of us standing by the roadside in the gathering dusk. We drank with them but we dared ask only enough questions to learn that a man had died and it was his widow who had been dancing in the circle of bamboo-

grunting boys. In anticipation of a new life, the spirit of the deceased must be kept well entertained—the ceremonial around his departure takes the form of a festival of sombre and intense tones. Behind the dancing and lewd allegories, behind the wish to amuse the spirit and send it off content, the drive to replace death with life seems all-important. We sat on wicker stools, drank the rum offered us and watched the ritual to the dead take on its night form.

The enclosure in front of the hut began to fill more rapidly and the chant to swell in volume. We edged closer and peered inside at a white sheeted rectangular box that dominated the room. The small room seemed to rock and vibrate with the almost soundless chant and the steady backward-forward shoulder beat that so easily induces trance. From time to time one of the people seated in the room would rise, shuffle like a marionette drawn on a string to the sheeted corpse, make a little obeisance and move back again. Slowly the circle seemed to contract and finally centered on a young couple.

This seemed to be a special, waited-for moment. The company, with the exception of the widow, grouped about the couple and the corpse. They covered the body so that strain as we would it was impossible to see at just what moment the sheet was removed from the box. In the hands of two officiating elders the sheet was violently being shaken in time to an almost ecstatic chant. The selected couple disappeared behind the sheet. The noise and ecstacy of the dance were so great that it seemed that the corpse must rise up and take part in this testimony to the defeat of death. Here was not only the customary primitive pattern of entertaining the spirit of the dead but also the symbolic return in a new life. For out from under the sheet, at the high point of commotion, emerged a child, timid and undoubtedly terrified at this role. She was, perhaps, five years old, small and afraid, nevertheless assuring the community that life was an unbroken chain. She danced on either side of her pro-tem parents and on out into the open while the widow sat and rocked beside the body of her husband.

We slipped away and were fortunate enough to encounter an oxcart on the way to Port-of-Spain with a load of sugar cane. As we neared town we met other oxcarts and scattered villagers headed for the waterfront market. The early streaks of dawn made me wonder if I had really lived through those past few strange hours or if I had been asleep all the time. Perhaps I was, but decidedly this was not an episode to reproduce for a Broadway show, but rather one to think, and write about.

Japanese moderns dance among the ruins of the studio of Bac Ishii on the outskirts of Tokyo. Termed the "father of modern dance in Japan," Bac Ishii is planning to reopen his studio soon.

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PASTERNAK AND SIDNEY

a duo of musical moviemakers discourse on screen dancing

Director George Sidney and Producer Joe Pasternak (center) approve "Holiday in Mexico" set.

IT is not customary for a Hollywood producer and director to be seen too much together. The producer usually hangs out behind a big desk on which the most imposing objects are his feet. The director can be found on the sound stage attired in an expensive loafer jacket which marks him as a member of the working class, in contrast to the producer who merely sits. It was unusual, therefore, to find producer Joe Pasternak and director George Sidney en rapport at the Waldorf Towers, of all places, and willing to be interviewed as a duo. Mark this as an occasion of journalistic moment.

Pasternak, of course, is the man who guided Deanna Durbin through her formative film years, and who is now a musical master-mind at MGM, where he is currently producing *The Unfinished Dance,* a remake of the French film, *Ballerina,* with Margaret O'Brien and Cyd Charisse. A small, ebullient individual, Pasternak has worked together at Metro mostly with George Sidney, a large, easygoing young man. Among the movies they have produced are *Thousands Cheer, Anchors Aweigh* and *Holiday in Mexico.*

"Take movie dancing," said Pasternak, coming to the point of the interview immediately. "Suppose your dancer is five feet from the audience—which is about how far away the spectator is when the camera is close to a performer. At that distance, the dancer can't sweat or breathe heavily. It would look ludicrous. Yet very few dancers can qualify for such demands. That is just one of our problems in making a musical."

According to Sidney, the making of a musical requires three times as much effort as a dramatic film. First the story has to be worked out, then the music, and finally a fusion of the two. "You can get an idea of the difficulty of creating a musical by simply imagining that you are directing a scene of the three of us sitting in this room and talking," Sidney said. "That is easy. But add a song to the scene, and what have you got? Something tough. Don't you agree?" said Sidney, turning to Pasternak.

"You are absolutely right," said Pasternak to Sidney. E.G.

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Ballet Audiences

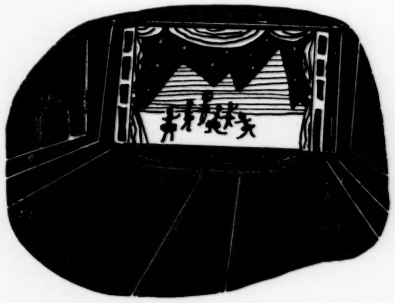
(continued from page 9)

seeming thousands of members of some mystic and awful cult who gather like klansmen around a burning cross. These people, men and women, don't buy their clothes where the rest of the world shops. They get them from little men in their nether world beneath the floor. Their hair-dos, whether they be boys or girls, are enough to turn an observer to stone, like Medusa. Ray Milland must have met most of them on his lost weekend.

And the behavior of these ballet audiences! Their whooping and hollering! Their applause during a performance, instead of after it! And their damned flowers!

I suppose ballet troupes are to blame because they encourage nonsensical chichi. A ballerina will gather roses to her bosom until her bazooms must be pin-cushions of thorns; she will pick bouquets off the floor until she disjoints her sacroiliac. If she can't get the whole load off the stage in one exit she will make several trips. And I suspect that she sends flowers to herself with mash notes on them like "From me, you lovely creature!" People don't send flowers at other shows. I never saw Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes receive an armload of posies and then put on a swooning act. The greenhouse racket is no longer worked at the opera. Actresses get flowers, sure; but they don't make a production out of receiving them. They just put them in their dressing rooms and maybe take them home afterward.

I had a horrible start toward becoming a weird the night Col. de Basil's



Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo made its American debut at the Met. Believe me, this opening was fancy as all hell. Two lavish friends entertained my lady and me at dinner beforehand. It was in a three-room hotel suite, and the whole bleeding thing was as Russian as Sol Hurok. There was a two-foot bowl of orchids on the table. It took four waiters and a captain to serve the four of us. Fifteen-dollar champagne flowed like the Volga and

caviar went like brunette mashed potatoes. And in the bedroom next to the sitting room where we were eating a five-piece orchestra played sad Russian melodies.

And then we saw the ballet. Ah, it was the life, it was—the life of reckless, delicious luxury. And the ballet was simply wonderful. I couldn't get enough of it and saw every bill of the season—but, lucky little me, I had to lay off the champagne and caviar because I wasn't buying any. There's no telling how crazy I'd have got after six weeks of that stuff.

Right after that dizzy, unreal opening I began to notice things in the theatre. The weird things. There weren't enough of them in the beginning to be really overpowering, but as word got around in the nether world that the ballet had been reborn topside their numbers increased. Increased so greatly that they have driven me right out into the fresh air. I have had a bellyful of bravos, have shuddered at a "bis" or two, and now hope to spend my declining years listening to the genuine applause of genuine audiences at more stable forms of entertainment. If somebody feels like yelling, let him yell something American and sensible like "Yay!" or "Hooray!"

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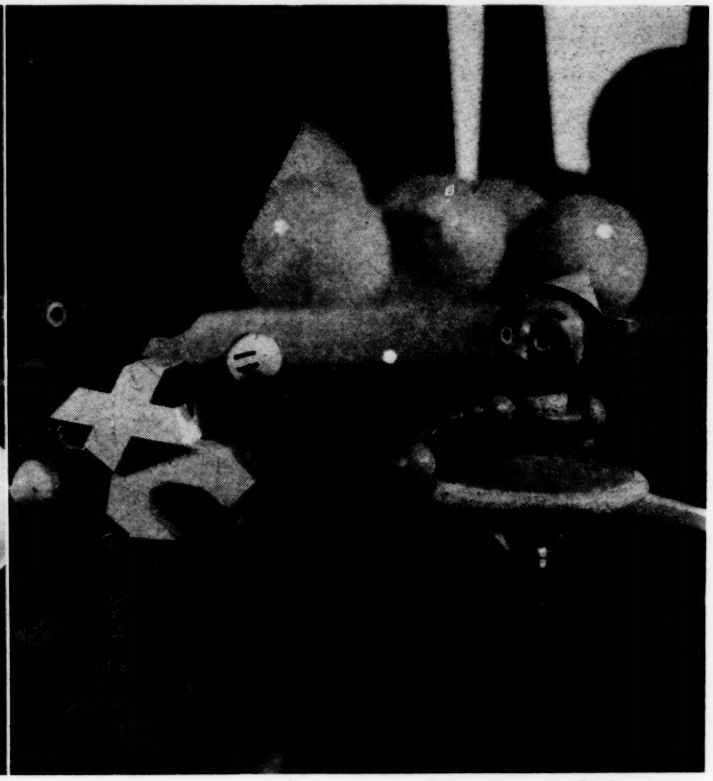
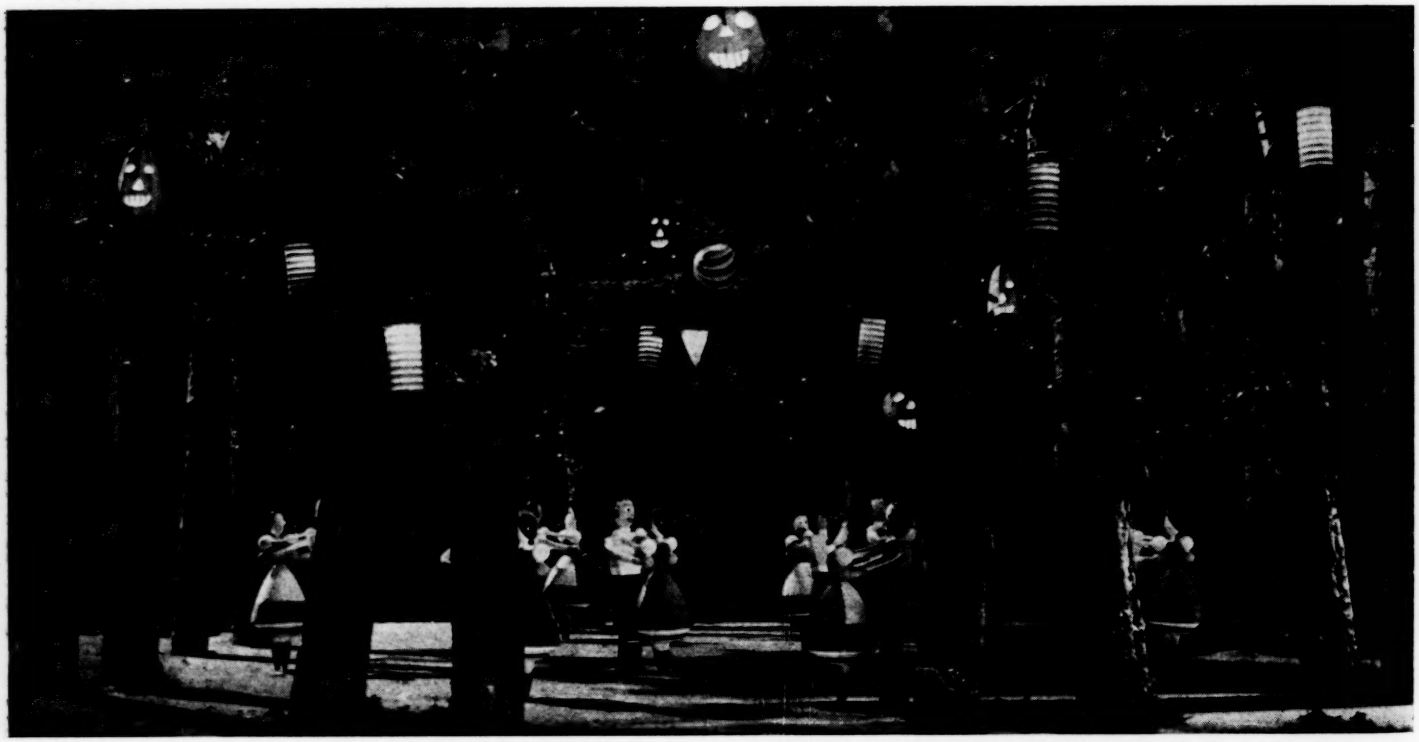


PAL PUPPETOONS

GEORGE PAL'S wooden Puppetoons are familiar to most movie-goers. Here a dancing soldier and his girl are seen in *Rhythm in the Ranks* (above right), and a grave couple waltz through *The Sky Princess* (above left and below). Dozens of wooden figures are carved out separately for each movement. Pal hopes soon to exploit his dancing Puppetoons in a full-length movie feature.



Word on Plays

(*continued from page* 28)

Theatre, Incorporated will run up its curtain on Sean O'Casey's *Red Roses For Me* and the American Repertory Company, stubbornly refusing to be shamed, promises *Henry VIII,* Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman,* Shaw's *Androcles And The Lion* and Sheridan's *The School For Scandal,* all to be enacted by a permanent thespic group comprising Eva Le Gallienne, Victor Jory, Walter Hampden, June Duprez, Richard Waring and Ernest Truex.

With Music

So much for promised straight dramas. Let's get on to the musical field. First, there is to be considered the statement, attributed to Nunnally Johnson, who, with George Kaufman, has co-authored *Park Avenue,* which mounts a Broadway platform under the producing guidance of Max Gordon. Johnson was reported stoutly declaring that his little item would have no traffic with these "new-fangled" dance pretensions inspired by Agnes DeMille, Jerome Robbins, and their like. Rather, his and Kaufman's show would have "hoofers" in it who are a throw-back to the George White-Flo Ziegfeld-Schwab and Mandel days, people who hoof for sheer joy, who subjugate hot music because it is all they know, and who have nothing but scorn for "neurotic ballets whose every entrechat must carry with it a psychotic significance." If Mr. Johnson means that—and we like old fashioned hoofing as well as the next Palace theatre vaudeville-patronizing veteran—he will not set a trend. For, Miss DeMille's ballet imprint will be on *Tragic Ground,* a musical version of an Erskine Caldwell novel about a Georgia war-boom town. And Jerome Robbins is even now working out his unique ideas in choreography in behalf of *Look, Ma, I'm Dancing,* the saga of a ballet troupe on tour. Nancy Walker and Marc Platt will head the cast, and the score has been promised by Hugh Martin.

Other addenda in the field of musicals? There is the rhythmic adaptation of the Elmer Rice drama, *Street Scene,* with Kurt Weill's score and Langston Hughes' lyrics. There's the aforementioned *Park Avenue.* There is Mike Todd's *Oh, Susanna,* saga of the life of Stephen Foster, with Al Jolson, written by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Add *In The Sweet Bye and Bye,* with book by S. J. Perelman, lyrics and music by Ogden Nash and Vernon Duke.

Finian's Rainbow looms large, a musical play by "Yip" Harburg and Fred Saidy, with music by Burton Lane and Earl Robinson. Barry Fitzgerald has signified he might be persuaded to do it, with Ella Logan and Will Fyffe. John Steinbeck's *Wizard Of Maine,* written with George Frazier, is a strong possibility, as is *Street Music,* a new version of the 18th century satire, *The Beggar's Opera,* with rhythms by Duke Ellington and words by John La Touche.

You might contemplate, too, the planned musical play about the life of Tschaikowsky, with a book by Isaac Don Levine, and score arranged by Frederic Vadja. Its title, a tentative one, is the obvious *Lonely Heart. Love In The Snow,* a Viennese operetta by Ralph Benatzky, with choreography by Myra Kinch, is a scheduled Fall visitor, as are revivals of Victor Herbert's *The Fortune Teller,* Jerome Kern's *The Cat And The Fiddle,* and *The Great Waltz.*

These, then, are some of the promises we have. Granted that artistic temperament or financial recessions or insurmountable writing problems will

keep many of these from the curtain-raising stage. Nevertheless, the forecast must be a bright one. With such a plethora of production indicated, the survivors of these calamities must be many. And, from them, will come inevitably, plays and musicals as sprightly, as stimulating, as richly rewarding as the seasons just recently gone by.

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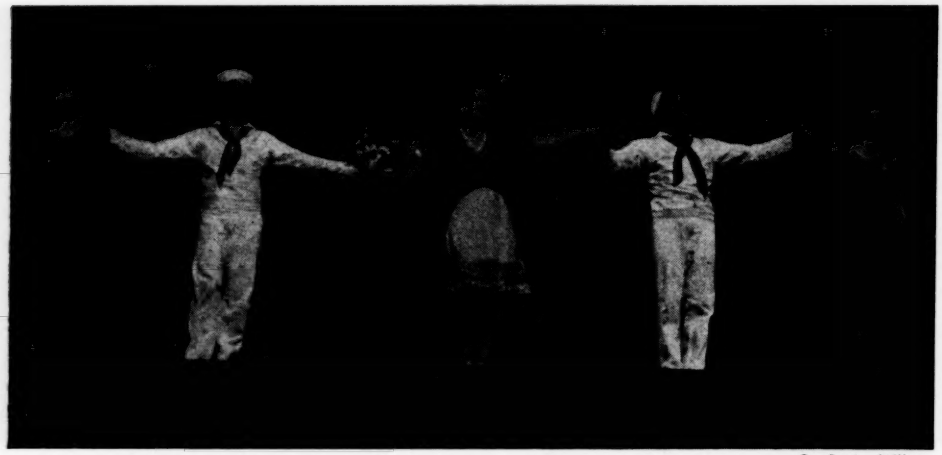


G. B. L. Wilson

Paula Lloyd, Michael Kidd, Muriel Bentley, John Kriza, Shirley Eckl in "Fancy Free" in London.

Dance REVIEWS

[*Arnold Haskell, noted English dance critic, reports on the London reception of Ballet Theatre in this special report to Dance Magazine. Ed. Note.*]

WE have had too much ballet in London this season—or rather, too much that passes for ballet. Our own national companies at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells have set a standard that makes us far more critical of visitors that we have ever been in our long history as a dance loving people.

I personally was in a sceptical frame of mind about the visit of Ballet Theatre. Also Antony Tudor was artistic director and chief choreographer. I last knew him as a sensitive, sincere and very promising young choreographer. Discounting the years—an easy thing to do—I wondered how he had gained the fame and the authority. His more hysterical admirers in this country had rendered him a grave disservice by praising him to the skies on the evidence of the pre-war years.

Such were my feelings on the first night; mixed, let it be understood, with great benevolence, since I can never see the curtain rise without wanting to enjoy myself.

All doubts were soon dispelled. Here was a company with a marked personality of its own: vital, stylish, finely trained and essentially forthcoming and generous.

The success of the premiere was *Fancy Free,* a ballet that carries to perfection previous efforts, starting with *Le Train Bleu* in 1924, to combine acrobatic dancing with a classical plastique and that is clear in its characterization, through movement and not through mime and clowning.

To me, however, the surprise lay in *Les Sylphides.* There was much that I did not like in this final version of Fokine's masterpiece, especially in the musical interpretation, but the tempo, alignment and quality of the corps de ballet were a revelation, and Eglevsky danced the male role to perfection, fulfilling all the promise of his pre-war years.

Fokine's *Bluebeard* proved something of a disappointment, partly I feel through underlighting and insufficient orchestral rehearsal. For me Lucia Chase alone seemed to capture Offenbach's wit as apart from the broader humor of this overlong burleque. But here also the ensemble was impeccable.

A pas de deux, based on Act III of *Swan Lake,* showed truly brilliant dancing by Nora Kaye and Andre Eglevsky, but out of its context I found it jarring. I must admit that it brought the house down. Nora Kaye immediately established herself as a London favorite, and the autograph hunters thronged round the stage door. Thirty-two fouettés were ever an irresistible attraction and they were performed impeccably. Alicia Alonso danced the pas de deux from *Don Quixote* with John Kriza. She showed not only true technical finish but a real sense of style, the indefinable "grand manner" that stamps the ballerina from the moment she stands on the stage. Kriza is a gallant partner and a fine athlete, but is still giving us too much of an echo of Dolin to be fully revealed as himself.

The acid test came on the second night with Tudor's much awaited *Pillar of Fire.* The discussion will long continue and it will be a heated one. Some critics found it incomprehensible and pretentious, others a masterpiece. No one could sit on the fence. I personally have not the slightest hesitation in acclaiming it a major contribution to choreography, a work that is pure ballet throughout. Tudor's close observation of natural movement and his use of classical technique to discipline it, his extraordinary reserve and economy of means, his inventiveness and the beauty of the movements, all held me spellbound. It is the most passionate work in the ballet repertoire. Nor is there the slightest obscurity. Once the character of Hagar has been established, and it is from the rise of the curtain, everything that follows is logical and crystal clear. The argument that a choreographer should avoid psychological subjects is sheer poppycock. The psychiatrist's chief aid in

G. B. L. Wilson

Nora Kaye and Andre Eglevsky dance in "Black Swan" in London's Covent Garden Opera House.

diagnosis is surely the close observation of movement. Tudor's work fits into any possible definition of ballet, it flows naturally from the music, depends on movement and not on facial expression. It was here that we could see the altogether extraordinary, Duse-like quality of Nora Kaye, who possesses that gift, so very rare in a dancer, of being significant even when not in motion. From the moment that I saw her huddled on the porch I was held. At all times her complete sympathy with the work and her identification with the character she portrays were striking. This young dancer is a great actress with her body; that, too, is rare. Her restraint is astonishing.

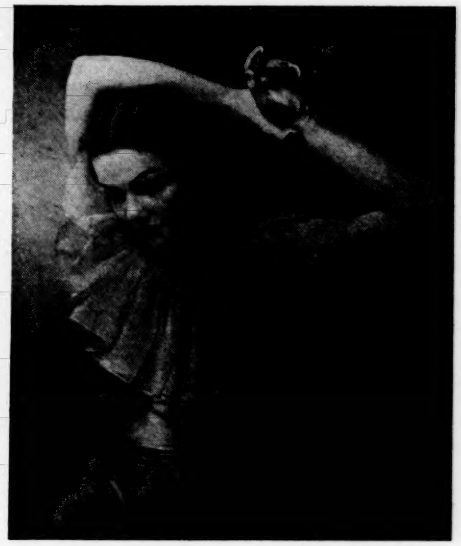
Whatever the ultimate reaction to *Pillar of Fire,* Ballet Theatre has established itself as something mature, something that has grown, like our own ballet, out of the Russians and is now of age.

It was obvious that *Fancy Free* would please, but that in itself was a danger, since the reaction could well be, "These people excel in Americana; that is all they can do." That has been said by no one; a measure of this company's complete triumph.

There is a strong point that arises out of this and one that it is very important to make if American ballet is to visit London with the regularity that I hope, now that the ice is broken. We love Russian ballet, we are deeply in its debt and we miss it. But we do not want to see a company that is overweighted with guest artists gathered for the occasion and that performs works that are a pale echo of what we remember. The strength of Ballet Theatre lies in the fact that it comes to us as a company, something organic, and that, although we knew only Eglevsky previously, it has convinced us. Managers and impresarios should realize that names mean very little as compared with good work and that we enjoy discovering our own favorites. With us today "the company's the thing." The New Monte Carlo Ballet, also on visit at the moment, is so topheavy with principals, some of them brilliant, that one cannot see the dancing for the stars. Catherine Littlefield was a pioneer of American ballet in 1937. She came with an unknown company and *Barn Dance* is still remembered.

I hope that this occasion is but the beginning of an interchange of ballet that will greatly enrich the art.

ARNOLD HASKELL



Walter E. Owen
Character study of Valerie Bettis in "Caprice."

Valerie Bettis

The winter concert season this year didn't seem quite complete with Valerie Bettis absent from familiar haunts. And so her appearance on June 25 at the Barbizon-Plaza Concert Hall was doubly welcome, especially since it resulted in four new compositions, two of which are substantial contributions to her repertoire.

In a field replete with talent, sincerity, hard work, and technical skill, Miss Bettis has, within the short span of a few seasons, firmly established herself not only as a dancer's dancer, but as an artist who can hold her own with the lay public. The reason for this lies not so much in her prodigious technique, high level of energy and infallible sense of line, but in that dangerous and over-exercised word, glamour.

With Miss Bettis this quality manifests itself in varied ways. In one of her earlier works, the unaccompanied *Theme and Variations,* she holds the audience spellbound in a longer-than-average solo composed of virgorous swirling movements, enhanced by a costume consisting of a full skirted velvet gown, bare at the midriff. The dance has drama; it has clarity of pattern; and makes effective use of space.

But in her new venture into the abstract, called *Suite* (Five Abstractions in Space) the dancer's approach narrowly escapes the pitfall of narcissism.

(continued on page 43)

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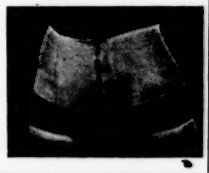

LOOK TO THE HILLS!

the Rocky Mountain country now has a dance company of its own

Scene from "My Blood Remembers" with Virginia Tanner, Barry Lynn, Murphy Barchon, Jack Steen.

THINGS are happening out in the Rocky Mountain section of interest to creative artists everywhere. Specifically, there has been in Utah, since the war, a rebirth of interest in the theatre, in music and in the dance. Indicative of this renaissance is the launching of The Dance Theatre, which will have its premiere in Salt Lake City on September 5.

Virginia Tanner and Barry Lynn, directors of dancing at the McCune School of Music and Art in Salt Lake City, are the originators and chief choreographers of the new dance group. Each of its six members, however, has had a constructive part in creating the fourteen works now in the company's repertoire. This is in keeping with the theory behind the organization—that the group is a harmonious unit, the balance of which depends upon every member. Even where the idea for a group dance originates with one member, considerable latitude in the working out of the individual parts is permitted.

Miss Tanner and Mr. Lynn feel that the West has a new impulse to give to the dance, and they intended to use the group, not to exploit some personal philosophy, but to crystallize and preserve local color and tradition. This aim has been particularly realized in Mr. Lynn's *My Blood Remembers* (danced to music by De Falla), which is described as "a primitive expression of the forces 'remembered' by a man's blood rather than his mind."

Musical director of the group is Marcel Tyrrel, who has written original scores for *This Is The Place* (based on Brigham Young's famous phrase), and for Miss Tanner's choreographic interpretation of Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Renascence*. Arch Lauterer, drama director of Mills College, is preparing special lighting effects for the program.

Through this new group with its high ideal—the crystallization and interpretation of the Western mood—the mountain country is becoming increasingly articulate.

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Rendezvous—a character solo
Serenade d'Amour
Dance Tyrolese
Echo of the Ballet
Esmeralda Galop
Fascination Valse
Gavotte "Lady Betty"
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Gopak
Grand Valse Brillante
Hungarian Folk Dance
The Hussar
Kaleenka
La Danseuse
Na Beregn Polka
Naughty Girl Polka
Russian Couple Dance
Caucasian Veil Dance
The Hungarian Don Juan
A Russian Maid
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(*continued from page* 47)

Arnold Schoenberg's music, used as accompaniment, never becomes an integral part of the whole. The slack suit costume was not sufficiently abstract because of its stylistic connection with everyday life. And the movement, while looser and more free than in *Theme and Variations,* remained entirely on the surface. The basic approach in *Theme and Variations* is capable of further development, but *Suite* is not it.

A few seasons ago Miss Bettis essayed the characterization of an adolescent girl in *Country Land,* and the result was decorated with cliches. This time she has given us a *Rondel for a Young Girl,* and the result is delightful. The difference lies in the fact that instead of concentrating on characterization through mime, Miss Bettis has concentrated on a significant movement theme—in this case delicately nervous foot patterings in opposition to the peaceful flowing melodic line composed and played by Leo Smit. Through this carefully worked out device a simple little impression of youth is created.

Paired with *Rondel for a Young Girl* was a playful *Toccata for Three* nicely performed by Doris Goodwin, Helen Waggoner, and Duncan Noble.

In *Yerma,* her fourth new composition, Miss Bettis posed for herself a tremendous and potentially thankless problem—that of transposing a play into dance form, and she solved it in a thoroughly distinguished manner. She has taken Garcia Lorca's tragic theme of an unfruitful marriage between two peasants, Juan and Yerma, and has produced a powerful, well-knit little dance drama. The dance is in five sections that follow each other without interruption, but yet are clearly distinguishable one from the other. Throughout, the dramatic line is kept intact and never for a moment loses itself in obscuring detail. Leo Smit's excellent accompaniment for flute, trumpet, bassoon, and piano, and Saul Bolasni's rich hued costumes did their bit, too, in making *Yerma* a giant step forward in Miss Bettis's artistic development.

Always welcome is *The Desperate Heart.* The effectiveness of this fierce picture of solitude and memories stems from two very essential elements—universality of theme, and perfect blending of words, music (by Bernardo Segall),

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and movement. Added to this are an emotional pitch strongly maintained throughout, taut virtuoso movement patterns, and that indefinable Bettis quality of glamour.

A parting word must be saved for the fine musical support given by composer-pianists Bernardo Segall and Leo Smit. These two young gentlemen well understand the dancer's own peculiar problems and solve them with great inventiveness. D.H.

Ballet in London

The new production of *Giselle* at Covent Garden by the Sadler's Wells Ballet proved to be just a re-dressed and re-decorated version of the previous production. There had been little apparent attempt to profit from Mr. Beaumont's researches published last year in his *The Ballet Called Giselle*.

James Bailey's setting for the first act was sunny and pleasing, though that for the second was not particularly imaginative and banished Giselle's tomb to a half hidden corner. The costumes were of amazing elegance and included some fine ones—notably for Albrecht in Act I.

The raison d'etre of the production, however, remains Margot Fonteyn's Giselle. Her tenderness and pathos in the first act are undiminished and in the second act she struggled magnificently against poor lighting and the distractions of "flying wilis" whirling about on wires. Owing to Helpmann's illness the part of Albrecht was danced by Alexis Rassine, who is far stronger technically but dramatically uncertain.

The New Monte Carlo Ballet, following hard on the heels of the all-enchanting Ballets des Champs Elysées, proved disappointing. The "artistic direction" of Serge Lifar produced nothing that could compare with other illustrious troupes from the same vicinity. Dancers took pride of place, and with a ballerina of the quality of Yvette Cháuvire no program could be entirely unrewarding. Janine Charrat, grown from the ten-year-old child of the French movie *Ballerina* to an accomplished artist and choreographer, was another delight and Olga Abadache, Renee Jeanmaire, Youly Algaroff and Edmond Auban also showed technical ability.

The ballets were mostly by Lifar, plus some classics and ballets like *Scheherazade, Prince Igor* and *Petrouchka* "after Fokine." The very small stage

of the Cambridge theatre proved an unsurmountable handicap in the Fokine ballets which were anyway weakly done.

Lifar's choreography puzzled most people. It contained enchainments of great invention mixed with excruciating acrobatics and an extraordinary attitude towards the music, which seemed to be either paralleled with irritating exactness or entirely ignored. *Dramma per Musica,* enriched with a most beautiful decor by A. M. Casandra and set to a Bach cantata, was the most successful ballet of the early part of the season—largely due to Cháuvire's almost continual dancing during its thirty minutes length.

Lifar danced his nymphless version of *L'Apres Midi d'une Faune* in superb makeup but in a manner which recalled only painful memories of his pre-war self. M.C.

Who's Who

DOUGLAS ANDERSON, who signs his sketches "Doug," does illustrations for books and for numerous national magazines.

OLIVE W. BURT was a reporter on the *Salt Lake Tribune* before turning to free-lance writing. She has five juvenile books on the market.

JOHN CHAPMAN is drama critic of the *New York Daily News.*

ROBERT W. DANA writes "Tips on Tables" for the *New York World-Telegram* and a regular night club column for *Dance.*

MURRAY GOODMAN is former sports editor of Universal Service and co-author with Ramon Coffman of the forthcoming book on sports, *Famous Kings and Queens.*

JOHN GROTH is a noted artist and war correspondent, and the author of *Studio Europe.*

ARNOLD L. HASKELL, one of England's foremost dance critics, is the author of *Prelude to Ballet, Balletomania, Serge Diaghileff* and other dance books.

PHILIP K. SCHEUER is film critic of the *Los Angeles Times* and Hollywood correspondent for *The Family Circle* magazine.

WALTER TERRY, dance critic of the *New York Herald-Tribune,* contributes a monthly article to *Dance.* He is writing a book on dance movement.

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LATE NEWS

FINAL plans for S. Hurok's Original Ballet Russe have been announced. The main body of the new company will consist of members of Colonel W. de Basil's company which returns from its long engagement in South America late in August, augmented by Hurok's guest stars, Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, and members of Ballet Theatre under contract to him. When the company opens at the Metropolitan Opera House in mid-September, sixty dancers will be seen in a repertoire of 150 ballets. Highlighting the South American company's contributions will be Michel Fokine's ballets: *Paganini, Coq d'Or, Scheherazade, Cinderella, Petrouchka, Prince Igor* and *The Firebird;* Leonide Massine's *Fantastic Symphony, Choreartium* and *Presages;* George Balanchine's *Cotillon* and *Concurrence;* and David Lichine's *Prodigal Son, Francesca da Rimini, Cain and Abel* and *Yara.* Seven productions from the repertoire of the Ballet International will be presented, plus the world premiere of *Camille* by John Taras.

Ballet Theatre has announced a season at the Broadway Theatre, September 23 through November 2. Ten new names have been added to the company in its current run in London: Norma Vaslavina, Melissa Hayden, Erik Kristen, Zachary Solov, Ruth Ann Koesun, Barbara Cole, Shellie Farrell, Jean Dovell, Frances Rainer and Barbara Steele. Premiered at the New York run will be works by Jerome Robbins, Agnes de Mille and the English dancer-choreographer Frederick Ashton. Complete plans will be published later.

Lists for the Harvest Moon Ball were closed on August 10, and finals will be held on September 4 at Madison Square Garden. The winners will be given theatrical contracts.

Anton Dolin played the lead in *Night Must Fall* the week of August 6 at the Montowese Playhouse, Brandford, Conn.

Alex Gard, dance and theatrical cartoonist and contributing editor of Dance Magazine, is in Hollywood preparing a new book to be called *Hollywood Off-Gard.* His first subject was Frank Capra.

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Gloria Nord, beautiful star of "Skating Vanities," now on its fourth annual nation-wide tour.

FIVE years ago a red-haired, soft-spoken ex-prizefighter manager, restauranteur and ice-show producer, Harold Steinman, dropped into a Hollywood roller-rink one night for relaxation. There he saw a beautiful blonde youngster blithely doing difficult ballet routines on roller skates. An idea was born in the busy Steinman brain: he'd build an entire show, with all the lavish accoutrements of a major Broadway musical, around that girl. He did. The girl was Gloria Nord, who has been the star of four successive editions of Steinman's brainchild, and the show, of course, was *Skating Vanities.*

Today *Skating Vanities,* touring from coast to coast, is putting on a performance which cost close to $350,000 to create, and which employs 125 skaters, 30-odd technicians and a full-sized orchestra. It grosses more than a million dollars annually. Its costumes, sets, props and lighting, housed in three box-cars, would do honor to Billy Rose. With current transportation difficulties, the show has had its troubles in making the jump from one city to another, but the cast has always managed, somehow. Once when a train broke down a few miles from the city, they all roller-skated in, in time to give the performance. S.S.

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Nights Out

(continued from page 31)

you gasp with admiration at their sleek figures and wonderful costumes. Frances and Grey join in with their oddly thrilling snake dance, and the dancing boys and Sirki make with more taps.

At this point the mood changes abruptly to admit the Murtah Sisters, whose year's absence from Broadway seems to have given them new zest for the uninhibited, grimacing kind of comedy which they have chosen as their metier for putting across song parodies, ballads and swing tunes.

One of the highlights of the show is the work of Lewis and his shadows, the two Ethiopian gentlemen with whom he has so much fun. Great showman themselves, the boys make Ted appear even greater. They sing and they dance and they clown.

The girls come on again in a Park Avenue-ish kind of gown I don't want my wife to see—Walters says they're worth $500 apiece.

And so, breathlessly, to the finale, a South American sort of thing with the girls clad in a lacy, lazylike Mexican thing that's too lovely to describe.

A Latin Quarter show is always a musical and dancing treat. This one, with the addition of Ted Lewis' nostalgia, is no exception.

Calloway and Chorines

In the latest rotation of Negro stars, the Zanzibar is presenting Cab Calloway and his band as the big noise of "Zanzibarabian Nights," ably assisted by such stellar performers as Pearl Bailey, the Charioteers, the Peters Sisters and the Miller Brothers and Lois.

Ever since the early Cotton Club days in Harlem, a Negro show has always stood for pace and brilliant individual performances tunefully welded into a production. And Clarence Robinson has shown a perfect understanding of the proper dance routines to make them click.

There is an esthetic number called "Moonbeam Baliet," featuring Alan Dixon and the Zanzibeauts. It makes for a pleasant contrast and is well staged, but somehow it doesn't fit the personalities of the performers.

The singing part of the show is extremely likable, with Pearl Bailey giving a fine demonstration of voice

control and expert timing and the Charioteers showing how dramatic harmony and solo voice can be when properly arranged.

Calloway's hi-de-ho antics in the finale, of course, are enough to send you home with a jive binge—a rousing conclusion to another fine Zanzibar show.

Rumba Rhythms

Even without the presence of roly-poly Sergio Orta, the elfish Cuban, you can tell at a glance that the latest show at Havana-Madrid is his handiwork.

"Rumbantela in Havana" is a noisy, hip-shaking affair that interprets some of the lesser known Cuban customs. The girls mill about the stage and seem to have an appointed part in the Afro-Cuban ballet. Certain tones of voodooism give the number a mysterious touch.

The final number of the revue revolves around a tale of the lottery and builds up to a terrific crescendo of rumba rhythm. With Afro-Cuban singing by Canelinna and Afro-Cuban dancing by Marina, it almost rocks you out of your chair with its intensity. Strangely hypnotic; also very wearying at times.

It is my belief that Orta will fare better—at least with the American customers—if he practices a bit more finesse in his next production.

Fortunately there is a high spot in the show provided by Carlos Ramirez, the tenor, who sings so beautifully that it's hard for him to get off without at least four encores.

Vincent D. Sullivan
Singing star at the Havana-Madrid is Canelinna.

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the evolution of America's first Terpsichorean theatre

Representing Terpsichore in a county famous for its summer art centers is the 200-acre farm-estate known as Jacob's Pillow in the Berkshire Hills. The farm lies high on a mountain called Jacob's Ladder, and its name was inspired by a boulder in front of the main house (which dates from 1790). Today the Pillow is one of America's summer dance capitals.

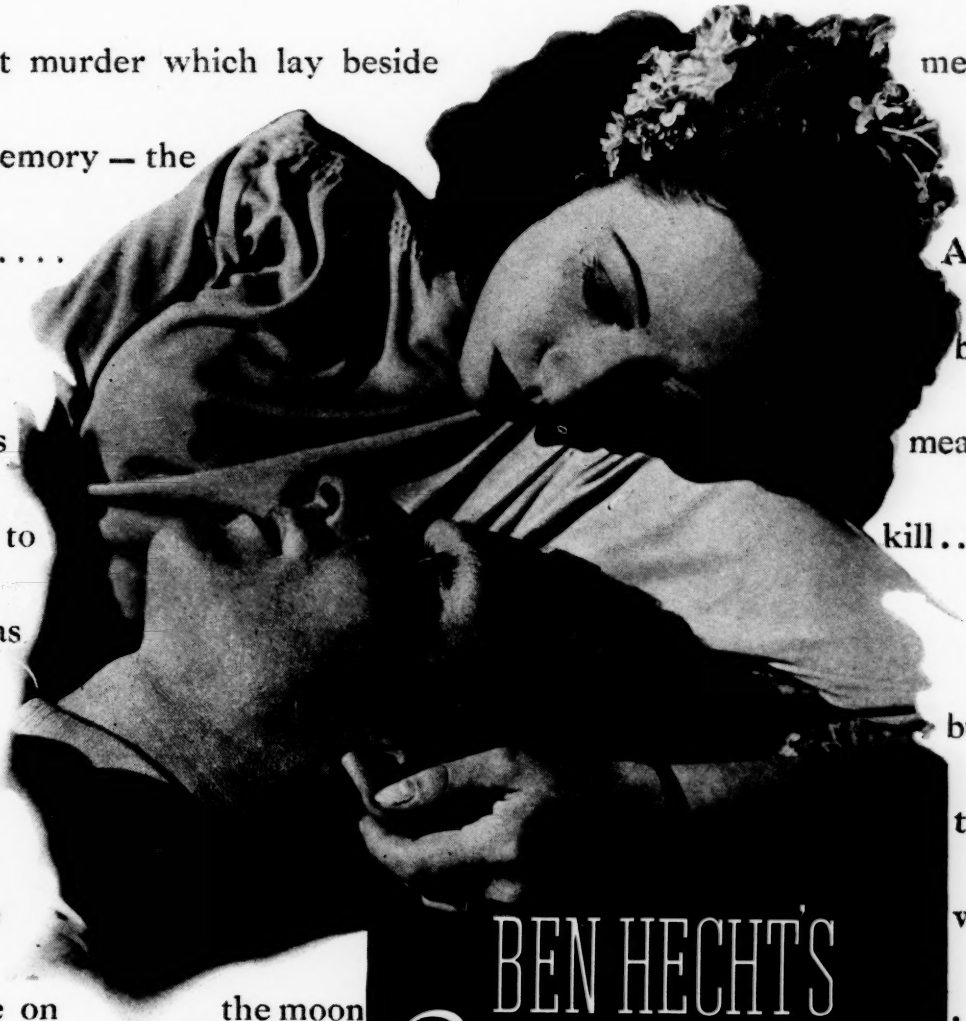
When Ted Shawn purchased Jacob's Pillow in 1930 he thought he had found an ideal spot for a solitary retreat, but it was not long before his innate restlessness led to his forming the first group of all-male dancers. To the Pillow Shawn brought eight young athletes who not only trained and rehearsed with him but did all the farm work as well, each building his own cabin. F. Cowles Strickland, then director of the Berkshire Playhouse, suggested that Shawn offer lecture-demonstrations in the old barn he had remodelled into a studio. Eventually professional performances were given at the Pillow.

Having toured with the Men Dancers through seven winters, Shawn disbanded his company in May, 1940 That summer Mary Washington Ball conducted a school and festival which embraced a variety of dance styles, inaugurating an idea carried on and developed in later seasons. In 1941 Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin became directors, and by the end of that summer it was obvious that the studio's seating facilities were quite inadequate. That fall the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Inc. came into being, a non-profit organization whose members' chief aim was to make the Pillow as famous for dance as nearby Tanglewood is for music. To this end Joseph Franz, the architect who built the great Shed for the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, was chosen to design a theatre especially for dancing.

When the season of 1942 opened, audiences saw the only theatre in America constructed exclusively for dance. From the outside it resembles an enormous New England barn and on the cupola is a weathervane figure of Barton Mumaw, for years a soloist with Shawn's ensemble, in a classic pose from his "Bach Bouree." The interior is designed for perfect visibility. The Festival's opening theme was the American Dance—Its Sources and Influences, and the programs included Mme. Nijinska's "Etude" and "Chopin Concerto," Agnes de Mille and Bambi Linn in "Hell on Wheels" and a program in which Shawn and Ruth St. Denis danced together for the first time in eleven years. The next three summers saw the premieres of Shawn's "The Mountain Whippoorwill," Angiola Sartorio's "The Cycle of Day and Night" and Todd Bolender's "Musical Chairs."

This summer Jacob's Pillow has again had a full season, with a veterans' course and a new opera department directed by Rosamund Chapin and Paul Weiner with Friedelind Wagner as stage director. Shawn, of course, is once more the guiding spirit and moving force, watching the place where once he hoped to have a retreat grow and expand in exciting fashion. ROBERT ANTHONY

I can't bear to leave him even if he is a monster because sometimes he is Andre—and he still kisses me sometimes . . . . And to the end I never knew that it was not love but murder which lay beside me . . . . I have only one memory — the memory of being loved . . . . A glint of evil touched his boyish smile . . . . He was meant to dance, to love—not to kill . . . . I remembered him as something wonderful but mad . . . . We lived together as though we were two people alone on the moon . . . . His eyes were the eyes of a lover who was a rose — a dream—a thing of smoke and magic . . . . . He begged me to leave him and save myself from his madness . . . . There were nights of violence . . . . screams and sobs . . . . I know he will kill me because that's what his madness means . . . .



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